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## CONGRESSIONAL

### ELECTION FRAUDS REVEALED IN A CONTEST.

Capitalists Not Only Grind the Bodies, But They Kill the Noble Aspirations, of Immigrants Whom They Decoy Into the Country and Then Debauch With Their Election Frauds—A Striking Illustration Through Striking Writings.

On the economic field, how many are not the valuable secrets that are made public through the competitive warfare of individual capitalists! But for this warfare, which is conducted all the more fiercely because the competitors are comparatively few, many a fact, invaluable in understanding the corrupting influence of capitalism, would never be known outside of the camp of the corruptors themselves. It happens also that way on their political field of battle. The contested election case in the House of Representatives between George Howell and William Connell from the Tenth District of the State of Pennsylvania, has thrown up matter that must not be allowed to remain hidden in the bulky volumes of the Congressional Record.

If native capitalism has a responsibility towards the native inhabitants, who land on the face of the country without the connivance of the employers' class, how much greater should not the responsibility be towards the aliens whom they decoy to this country with alluring descriptions of the land, its freedom and its high wages! These aliens have in their homes a vague and exalted idea of America. The virtues from which springs their admiration for America they cannot exercise at home; the backwardness of their own country has repressed their noble ardor, as it has stunted their intellects. Allured by the Walter the Pennyless kind of stories, that are retailed to them by the emissaries of American capitalism, they flock to our shores—and here they fall into the hands of the bell-wethers of the capitalist class. How they fare in the shops is not now the question. The point is how they fare in our political atmosphere. If in the shop they are physically ground down, on the political field of capitalism their morality is simply destroyed. A few of the interrogations put in the investigation to foreigners who had been roped in to cast a fraudulent ballot in that Tenth Pennsylvania District will illustrate the point.

Q. Your name is Marian Dominick? A. Marian Dominick.  
Q. Where do you live? (Interpreter.)  
Q. You live in the Third Ward of Winton? A. In Jessup.  
Q. That is in the Third Ward of Winton, isn't it? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. And you work at the Dolph Colliery mines, do you? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Born in Italy, was you? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Got a paper, a citizen paper? A. No.  
Q. Never had one? A. No.  
Q. Never asked for one, did you? A. No, sir.  
Q. You remember last election day? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Was it on November 4, last November? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Now, what time did you leave your work that day? A. Maybe 4 o'clock.  
Q. Did you go home from work at 4 o'clock? A. About 3 o'clock.  
Q. Do you know Henry Lawler up there, the tax collector? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Did you see him on that day? A. Yes, sir; he was there, and he called me.  
Q. Now, what did he say to you? A. He asked me in to vote, and I told him I could not vote, and he said, "Go in anyway, and I went in and I voted."  
Q. Now, did he take hold of you when you went to vote? A. He was at the door, and he asked me in there.  
Q. Did he go in with you? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Now, was he on the election board that day? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. And he went into the room—went right into the room with you, did he? A. Yes, sir; took me in there.  
Q. Did you take a ballot? A. Henry gave me a ballot.  
Q. Henry got it and gave it to you? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Now, when you got your ballot Henry and you went into that little room together, did you? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Who made the mark on that ballot? A. Himself.  
Q. Who did? A. Lawler.  
Q. Did he ask you how you wanted to vote—Lawler? A. He did not tell me anything.  
Q. And then he marked the ballot, did he? A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Do you know whom you voted for that day? A. No; I don't know.  
Q. Did Lawler tell you whom you

(Continued on page 6.)

# WEEKLY PEOPLE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.

PRICE TWO CENTS 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

## TO THE WORKINGMEN OF PEEKSKILL

Fellow Workingmen of Peekskill:—

Those of you who followed up the political stunts of the politicians in this village must have noticed the struggle that is going on between the old time politicians of the L. F. Crumb and John Smith, Jr., type, and the new combination of "honest" but hungry would-be politicians of the James W. Husted type. The old time politicians have been thrown overboard and the new politicians are getting ready to fatten at the public crib. The "decent" element of the Republican party will now try and run the affairs of the village of Peekskill in a "decent" way so that the spoils, instead of going to the indecent Crumb crowd will go to the "decent" Husted crowd.

The Democratic politicians are glad of the split in the Republican ranks. The Democratic press exposed and denounced the corruption of Republican machine (just as if the Democratic machine is any better or less corrupt), and the Democratic party expects to land in

office, and how? By the aid of the old Republican leaders whose corruption the Democratic party exposed!

Into this struggle among politicians for spoils you workingmen are drawn. For what purpose? What matter is it to you which set of politicians is on your back? What difference is it to you whether Crumb and John Smith, Jr., or Husted of the Republican party, or Clune, Torpy and James F. Martin of Democratic party elect their candidates? Where do you come in? Your toil will be just as hard, your livelihood just as insecure! Why then waste your time on something that will not benefit you?

Fellow workingmen: You have your own battle to fight. Your salvation is not in the Republican or Democratic party, which your bosses control. Your salvation, your only hope, is in a party of your class, a party whose aim is to abolish the present system of capitalism, which means luxury to the idle capitalists, and poverty and misery as the share of the workers.

To abolish this present system should be your object. To establish the Social-

ist Republic where every worker will receive all he produces, should be your only aim. The party which champions the cause of the workers is the Socialist Labor Party.

You may say, has not the Republican and Democratic party put workingmen on its tickets? They did, and often do. And here is where they show that they know what they are about. They know that, if every candidate were a capitalist it would only make it too plain to the workingmen that the class which rules them in the shop, rules them also politically. It would make too plain the fact that the capitalist must have political power to supplement his power in the shop. This would make plain the class struggle between the capitalists and the working class. This must be avoided and the politicians try to avoid it by calling the modern janizaries into play.

The janizaries were Christian children whom the Mohammedans adopted and brought up under their influence. These Christian children when they grew up became most merciless persecutors and oppressors of the Christians. So are these

workingmen whom the capitalist parties put on their tickets, the janizaries of our present day, the worst enemies of our class.

Workingmen! Do not be fooled by these workingmen on capitalist tickets. They are a plague to our class, doing the dirty work of their capitalist fasters.

Workingmen of Peekskill: It is not by leaning against the Democratic or Republican party that you can expect better conditions. It is not of the Democratic party that you can expect honest government. There can be no honest government under a system based on the robbery of the workers. It is but natural that the robbery of the workers should be shielded by political corruption.

Workingmen: To you we appeal to help us raise the standard of emancipation of your class. We do not ask those who vote the Republican or Democratic ticket because their fathers did, to help us. These seem beyond redemption. Nor do we ask those who expect some political bone. We leave these to the capitalist parties as the legitimate offspring of capitalist putridity.

To the honest workingmen, to the workingmen who have the welfare of their class at heart, to you we appeal to vote the Socialist Labor Party ticket.

One more word: There is another party the "Social Democratic" party. A few years ago it was necessary to expose this political mongrel. It is not necessary now, not at least in Peekskill. In its short existence it proved itself to be what we always claimed: a combination of political misfits, grafters and a few "honest" muddle heads, who do not know what they want and care little whether they do or not.

The Socialist Labor Party alone deserves the support of every honest workingman.

Vote under the arm and hammer, the ticket of the Socialist Labor Party.

Trustee First District  
CHAS. ZOLOT  
Trustee Second District  
JOHN C. POLEY  
For Assessor  
JOHN H. LENT  
For Treasurer  
EMIL MOTZ

## BEBEL'S DRESDEN SPEECH

(Translated for The People by Gottfried Ollendorf, New York City.)

Herr von Thielmann has gone and Herr von Stengel has been appointed, because some one said to himself: We need a new man, who, by his influence and by his position as one of the most respected personalities of Bavaria, the second largest Catholic state of the federation—is in the position to break the opposition of the Centre against new indirect taxes. But for me, this change of personalities—for a change of system it is not—has yet another significance! If until lately there still were some presens, even in our circles, who believed that by their tactics they could awaken the resistance of the individual states against the empire and its demands, that especially Bavaria could be goaded into a certain attitude of opposition—now find their views and hopes have disappeared entirely. ("Very good.") That could have been foreseen, but many a one did not foresee it. In providing for the position of Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, one of its first statesmen, Bavaria has proclaimed openly—and that, the Bavarian comrades, above all, should remember in the future—that it not only has approved of the up-to-date politics of the Empire, but, for its own part, is also willing to walk in the same political faith in future and to furnish its own statement for this purpose. ("Quite right.") This is also an important point for certain currents in our Social Democratic movement to consider. It was not at all necessary

for Herr von Stengel to declare this.

He who previously considers the circumstances knows anyhow, that, according to the entire situation as far as one can see, and without a radical change of all the conditions, which is not to be thought of, the property owning classes could not even be compelled to contribute to the expenses of the Empire. This we cannot do, the Centre itself could not do it, even if it would. But it also will not. If any party should have occasion to oppose a policy of direct taxation it is the Centre, on account of its particularistic standpoint. Therefore it turns out beautiful resolutions, plenty of phrases, and, when any kind of tax proposition comes along, be it on beer, on tobacco, or on anything else—although I do not know what still could be taxed outside of water or air—the vote of the Centre finally can be had. ("Quite right.")

We have never believed that we could enforce direct taxes for the Empire. More than that, we are forced to attempt much, of which we know that we cannot accomplish. ("Very true!") It does not matter if a thing can be accomplished at once, but we have to demand it, because it is just and reasonable and therefore necessary. By the arguments which we produce we have to convince the outsiders that the whole of these politics, in the Empire as well as in the individual states—even if a fig-leaf may exist—are class-politics without exception, that Empire and State are class-states and that they will remain so as long as they exist in their present form. ("Very true!")

And how does it fare with the finances of the Empire? The current budget could only be balanced by the grant of an additional loan of 82 millions, a loan which, according to the plain reading of the

Constitution, is a violation of the same. (Approval.) Under the reign of the Centre neither violations of the order of business nor violations of the Constitution are feared. ("Quite right!"), and he who has committed once a violation of the constitution—no matter how strong the compulsion—comrades! what has been done once, will be done the second, the third and the fourth time, it will be done as often as it is believed that reasons of state compel it. ("Quite right!") Now, then, only in this manner has it been possible to balance the budget. If the additional loan will be sufficient, has to be awaited, for already it has become known that the last budget-year closed with a deficit of 30 millions. The individual states will have to cover this deficiency.

From a source out of which I could not expect to get this kind of information, I have learned, within the last few days, that, while formerly the Empire was a prompt payer, while formerly contractors received their money at once, this is not the case any more to a very large extent. ("Hear! hear!") Often the Empire cannot pay cash, the strong-boxes are empty, the Empire has to take longer terms from its creditors.

It is further a fact, that, mainly in consequence of the pressure of the Reichstag, the pensions of the veterans must be increased, and that this again requires a considerable additional expense. The proposed increase of the peace-pensions alone requires an addition of 20 millions. In all the departments, even in those of the army and navy, there has been a compulsory economy in the last few years. And there, too, is the new army-appropriation, for when Gossler went and somebody else came, this happened mainly, because Herr von Gossler said to himself: "I do not enjoy fathering this

new appropriation bill, I leave that pleasure to somebody else. ("Very true.")

I am perfectly satisfied that quite large demands will be made, but the club lies next to the dog. One cannot grant expenses if one does not know at all any more from where to take the money. Further, here comes the new navy appropriation, and there, too, something out of the ordinary seems to happen.

It has been said repeatedly, that Herr von Tirpitz also was tired of office and desired to resign, because he did not believe it possible to get from the Reichstag any more than before. Expenses for a more modern armature of the army are coming—in short, expenses which will grow into hundreds of millions. When in this budget the expenses for army and navy, the costs of the peace-pension funds, the interest of the debt for army and navy reach the tremendous amount of 1,030 millions, they surely will increase to 1,400 millions within the next few years, before the closing of the present legislature.

Our successes astonish our opponents. Well, the tooth of time has left its mark upon the main pillars of the empire, even to the very core—the greatest discontent reigns in the army; even the officers are not in harmony with many things. All over new burdens, new expenses and at a time when most probably we confront a severe crisis. For when the present industrial breakdown of America, which, within the next few weeks and months will and must gain in vehemence, will reach Europe, our workingmen will be the first to be hit hard.

Last year, if I am not mistaken, we still supplied the world-market, especially North America, with manufactured iron amounting from 600 to 700 millions of marks, providing employment of labor

in our most important industry. But the end of all this is in sight, America's want is supplied, and before long on account of the tremendous development of its own production, it will have an over-production, it will throw its immense masses of iron and steel into the markets of the world and depress prices. Then will we have a crisis, the end of which cannot be foreseen, with all its sequences.

When I said in my speech of the day before yesterday that serious times are facing us, I did not mean to say serious times for our party—that I believed we have reason to fear class-legislation, force-rule. Oh, no! I feel quite easy on this point—thoroughly optimistic. But our situation in general, our economical and social conditions will be subjected within a few years to serious upheavals, especially if the present administration will continue.

I put no faith in class-laws; to speak candidly, I even do not believe that they dare to change the law of suffrage. It might have been the case if our electoral majority would have been two to three hundred thousand, for that would have been retrogression; but when a party votes out of a total of nine to ten millions, the men with whom the decision rests have to consider very carefully, if they dare to do battle with this three millions. (Lively approval.) And not alone that. The very minute force-rule would be attempted, more millions—all Catholic workingmen, every workingman, would flock to our standard, and it is very questionable if the gentlemen above and the Centre would care to have a little dance with us. Why! we are ready, if they dare. And I don't doubt even to-day who will lead in this little dance. (Great approval.)

[To be continued next week.]

## TWO TYPICAL ADVERTISEMENTS

The following advertisements appeared in the "Want Columns" of a local paper: "Wanted—A man who has a general knowledge of buying, selling, and handling horses, mules, and cattle. Apply to the Union Stock Yards."

Do you understand, fellow slaves, what such an advertisement means? It means that the company wants a man to buy cattle as cheap as he possibly can, and sell them as dear as he possibly can. In short, they want him to make as much profits for the company as he possibly can.

In the other advertisement we find that a set of capitalists want a man to buy human cattle (labor power) as cheap as he possibly can, and handle them in such a way as will give to the capitalists the greatest amount of profits possible.

Here it is: "An Eastern firm, which is about to engage in the manufacturing of chairs in the West, wants a competent man as superintendent. He must thoroughly understand the handling of men. Address Box 13 this office." How does he proceed to handle them? Let us give you an illustration of the skin game.

A set of capitalists who wish to make money by engaging in the manufacture of chairs secure a building, equip it with modern machinery, and the necessary raw material. What then? The capitalist will tell you, and he will pay his hirelings to tell you, that it is his brains that produces wealth. But he himself knows that if he had as much brains as would fill a good size washtub it would never put that machinery in motion. He knows that in order to get

chairs to sell he must buy the labor power of the despised workingmen. The first one he engages is the superintendent, Mr. Douglas, who is given instructions to hire such help as he needs, and in a polite way given to understand that his job depends on the amount of profits he can squeeze out of the men.

Now, what will the capitalist pay you for your labor power? Just what he has to.

Let us digress here, long enough to say that your labor power is a commodity and is bought and sold in the market like horses, mules, cattle, or any other commodity. If the capitalist goes to the market to buy cattle, he gets them as cheap as he can. If he goes to the labor market to buy labor power he gets it as cheap as he can.

What is one of the principal things that determines the price of cattle? Clearly the relation of supply and demand. If there are more cattle in the market than the buyers of cattle want then the competition between the cattle traders to sell their cattle will lower the price. If there is more labor power in the market than the capitalists want then, the competition between your empty stomachs will lower the price, i. e., your wages. The supply of labor is always greater than the demand therefor, because new and improved machinery is continually displacing men who are forced on the labor market to wait for some one to buy their labor power.

It does not make any difference to the capitalist whether you belong to the same lodge with him or whether you flop on your knees in the same church with him, he will pay you only such

wages as the condition of the labor market forces him to. Now let us return to Mr. Douglas.

Out of the bunch of slaves whose labor power he has bought, he picks a young man by the name of John A. Speed, who is given the job as foreman. The superintendent takes Speed aside, taps him on the back, gives him a nice quiet and polite talking to, and makes him understand that if he will do the right thing (speed up the men), he will some day be on top. The kind words of Mr. Douglas cause a slight swelling of Mr. Speed's head, and he carries the news home to his dear wife, Mary, who immediately sees herself moving into a house on the boulevard. She encourages John by telling him that Mr. Douglas is right, for it was only the other day that she read in a paper how a young man who started working for a railroad company as a track laborer, was recently elected president of the road. This aids to swell young Speed's head. He now begins to see visions of a sign on the outside of a large plant, which reads like this:

"Great Western Chair Co.,  
John Alexander Speed,  
President."

Now, let us take you into the factory. Mr. Speed gives his orders to his subforeman, Mr. Benjamin Quicker, with instructions to rush them out. Mr. Quicker, who has the foremanship beebuzzing in his ear, certainly does rush things. Bad material is put in here, less screws are driven in there, a coat of shellac is out over wherever possible, and a highly polished job is expected on cheap varnish. A pacesetter is intro-

duced who fixes the prices for piece work. Men are displaced by women, and they, in turn, by children, until an up-to-date chair factory looks like a kindergarten.

The conditions of these child slaves in these capitalist penitentiaries beggars description. When we look at our little ones who are trying to amuse themselves by playing with a five-cent stuffed dog then the mere thought that some day they must slave in a factory makes one shudder. Nay, it does more. It even brings tears to the eyes of the strong and otherwise cold S. L. P. man. But enough of this. Let us go back to the factory.

After the chairs are produced, do they belong to the men and women who produced them? No. They belong to the man who owns the factory, the capitalist, who exchanges them in the chair market for money. This money is divided into two parts. The large part called profits, goes to the capitalist, the small part goes to the workingmen as wages, i. e., the price of their labor power on the labor market.

This chair factory is a type. All other industries are carried on as above described. The capitalist is continually trying to increase his profits, which he cannot do without reducing wages. The workers, on the other hand, will try to increase their wages, which they cannot do without cutting in on the profits of the capitalist. As a result there is going on between these two classes a continuous struggle. A struggle that, at times, grows so fierce that the capitalist class calls the machinery of government

to its aid, and, if necessary, tramples on the constitution, as the capitalists are doing at the present time in Colorado, in order to crush the revolting wage slaves.

So great are the fleecings from the working class that we read such items as these in the daily papers:

"Adolphus Busch, the millionaire brewer, was given a reception to-day on his return home from Germany. His private car was run from the yards on a private switch leading to his office. A velvet carpet was spread on the ground from the car to the office entrance."

"The opera cloak worn by Mrs. Williams at Madame Patti's concert is valued at eight hundred dollars."

"Four men were found in a box car almost frozen to death. They claimed to be steel workers out of a job, and came here from the East in the hope of finding work in the World's Fair city. Two of them are married and left their families at Pittsburgh."

We stop to ask our capitalist opponents how is that for breaking up the family?

What becomes of Mr. Speed? Well, his dream of some day being president of the firm never materializes. He loses his job, which is given to Mr. Benjamin Quicker, because of that gentleman's superior abilities as a slave driver.

Mr. Speed, who has read in the paper of there being two jobs for one man, goes out to look for another master. But he meets with bitter disappointment. He finds the labor market overcrowded. Mary, his wife, begins to doubt John's

(Continued on page 6.)

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The paper will be stopped on that day unless previously renewed.

## BOSSES ASSOCIATIONS

### IN 'FRISCO CAUSE BIG DISCUSSION IN LABOR CIRCLES.

One Big Central Body Projected As a Counter-Move—Boycotts, Past and Present—Colorado Protest Meeting—S. L. P. Booming in California.

San Francisco, Feb. 9.—The growth of the Employers' Associations in this city has been so great during the last year as to have become a matter of continuous discussion here in labor circles. The Allied Provision Trades Council has on foot another attempt at the formation of a central labor body for the purpose of "opposing organized capital, which is fast becoming stronger and more centralized." Just such a movement was lost a few weeks ago and it is doubtful if this enterprise will be more successful.

To the deep regret of sightseers and city loafers the Cloakmakers' boycott is at an end. The men went back to work under practically the same conditions as before, not having won even the "one hour on Saturday afternoon," which was the main point at issue.

A threatened strike of the gas workers keeps the city in constant fear of being cast out into utter darkness.

There are still two authentic Painters' Unions in the city, each calling itself the only true original union.

The latest development of the Johnson's Restaurant boycott is the most absurd of all its various phases. Last Sunday morning four bombs were found disposed about the premises in somewhat conspicuous places. The dread contrivances were made of pieces of lead pipe, sealed at both ends and each contained a fuse which in every case had been lighted, but had gone out without performing its deadly work. The first was wrapped in a local Italian paper, the second in the American Labor Union Journal, and the third in a piece of the Appeal to Reason. No wonder the fuse went out!

The bombs are now on exhibition in the restaurant window labeled in Johnson's best literary style, and attracting large crowds of visitors. The restaurant is doing a rushing business. The affair is supposed to be simply a hoax. In that case the joker certainly displayed a fine sense of humor, as is shown in the wrapping of the third bomb.

A combined mass meeting of the A. L. U. and Kangaroos was held at the Alhambra Theatre, Sunday evening. It was rather sparsely attended, the pure and simple making a poor showing, while the Kangs, were much in evidence. The difference between the real and bogus Socialist was never more plainly brought to light than at this meeting, the purpose of which was to protest against the condition of the Colorado miners. The chairman made a rambling speech, quoting Ingersoll profusely, but explaining that he (Ingersoll) was "not exactly a Socialist." The speaker of the evening was a U. B. R. E. man, lately from Cripple Creek. He set forth the state of affairs in Colorado plainly enough. His bad delivery and utter lack of understanding of the situation detracted little from the horrors of the details.

But the point of view of the man, his whole conception of the affair, which was plainly shared by the audience, was a matter of astonishment to the comrades present. To these working men and women it was evidently a more terrible matter that a lawyer and a few bourgeois citizens were thrown into the bull pen than that hundreds of their own class were suffering there. And the statement that "niggers" and "men of a low social grade" were hired to replace the striking miners was received with manifest sympathy. It was not stated upon what social plane the starving miners were supposed to stand.

Titus, the editor of "The Seattle Socialist," is also in town, and has held Sunday meetings here and there. This editor is in disrepute with the larger part of the Kangs, being accused of having told several truths. For this reason the terrible epithet, "De Leonite" has been hurled at him. We think, however, that he hardly deserves the title.

Section San Francisco is busy moving into its new headquarters, 610 Montgomery street, this week, and has been unable to give much attention to all the freaks in motion here now.

That the S. L. P. is alive in California was proven up in Humboldt County last week. The Kang national organizer went up to Eureka and held a meeting there. He was met by a group of stanch S. L. P. men, armed with "The Difference."

Comrade Lars Johnson, of Eureka, writes: "There were about two hundred present at the meeting, and all were supplied with 'The Difference,' not excepting Brown himself."

Such bunches of men are cropping up all over the State this winter, and now that San Francisco is in working order California will be heard from



# The Pilgrim's Shell

OR

## FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

By DANIEL DE LEON

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### PART II.—THE CRUSADE.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE EMIR'S PALACE.

The city of Marhala, like all others in the Orient, was crossed by narrow and sinuous streets, bordered with whitewashed houses, bearing narrow windows. Here and there the dome of a mosque or the top of a palm tree, planted in the middle of an interior courtyard, broke the uniformity of the straight lines formed by the terraces, that surmounted all the houses. Since about fifteen days, and after a murderous siege, the city of Marhala had fallen into the power of the army of the Crusaders, commanded by Bohemond, Prince of Taranto. The ramparts of the city, half torn down by the engines of war, presented at several places only a heap of ruins, from which a pestilential odor escaped, due to the decomposition of the Saracen bodies that were buried under the debris of the walls. The gate of Agra was one of the points most violently attacked by a column of Crusaders under the order of William IX, Duke of Aquitaine, and also most stubbornly defended by the garrison. Not far from the spot rose the palace of the Emir of Marhala, killed at the siege. According to the manner of the Crusaders, William had his standard raised over the door of the palace, of which he took possession.

Night was falling. Maria, a large wrinkled old woman, with a beaked nose, protruding chin, and clad in a long Saracen pelisse, sat crouched upon a kind of divan, furnished with cushions, in one of the lower halls of the Emir's palace. She had just issued the order to some invisible person: "Let the creature come in, I wish to examine her!"

The creature that came in was Perrette the Ribald, the mistress of Corentin the Gibbet-cheater. The young woman's complexion, now tanned by the sun, rendered still more striking the whiteness of her teeth, the coral tint of her lips and the fire of her eyes. The expression of her pretty face preserved its blithe effrontery. Her tattered costume was of both sexes. A turban of old yellow-and-red material partially covered her thick and curly hair; a waistcoat or caftan of pale green and open embroidery, the spoils of a Saracen and twice too large for her, covered her for a robe. Held at the waist by a strip of cloth, the robe exposed the naked legs of the Ribald, together with her dusty feet, shod in shoddy sandals. She carried at the end of a cane a small bundle of clothes. Upon entering the hall, Perrette said to the old woman deliberately: "I happened on the market place when an auction sale of booty was being conducted. An old woman, after eyeing me a long time, said to me: 'You seem to be the right kind of a girl. Would you like to exchange your rags for pretty clothes, and lead a merry life at the palace? Come with me.' I answered the old woman: 'March, I follow! Feastings and palaces are quite to my taste.'"

"You look to me to be a wide-awake customer."

"I'm eighteen years old. My name is Perrette the Ribald. That's what I am."

"Your name is written on your brazen brow. But are you good company? Not quarrelsome and not jealous?"

"The more I look upon you, honest matron, the surer I am of having seen you before. Did you not keep at Antioch the famous tavern of the Cross of Salvation?"

"You do not deceive yourself, my child."

"Ah, you must have made many a bag of gold besans in your holy brothel!"

"What were you doing in Antioch, my pretty child?"

"I was in love . . . with the King!"

"You are bantering, my friend, there was no king in the Crusade."

"You forget the King of the Vagabonds."

"What! The chief of those bandits, of those skimmers, of those eaters of human flesh?"

"Before he became the king of the bandits, I loved him under the modest name of Corentin the Gibbet-cheater. Oh, what has become of him?"

"You must have left him!"

"One day I made a slip. I committed an infidelity towards him. I do not plume myself upon my constancy. I left the King of the Vagabonds for a duke."

"A duke of beggars?"

"No, no! A real duke. The handsomest of all the Crusaders. William IX."

"You were the mistress of the Duke of Aquitaine?"

"That was in Antioch, after the siege. William IX was crossing the market-place on horseback. He smiled, and reached his hand out to me. I placed my foot on the tip of his boot, with one jump I landed in front of his saddle, and he took me to his palace, and seeming to recall some droll incident, Perrette laughed out aloud."

"Are you laughing at some of your tricks?" asked the old shrew.

"On that same day when the Duke of Aquitaine took me on his horse, a very beautiful woman went by in a litter. At the sight of her he turned his horse and followed the litter. I, fearing he would drop me for the other woman, said to him: 'What a treasure of beauty is that Rebecca the Jewess, that has just gone by in a litter.' Ha! ha! ha! old lady," Perrette added, breaking into anew into roars of laughter. "Thanks to that lucky slander, my debauché turned about and galloped off to his own palace, fleeing from the litter no less frightened than if he had seen the devil. And so it happened that, at least for that one day, I kept my duke, and we spent the night together."

"I see. And what became of your king?"

"On the same evening of that adventure, he left Antioch with

his vagabonds on an expedition. I have not seen him since."

"Well, my little one, in default of your king, you will find your duke back. You are here in the house of William."

"Of the Duke of Aquitaine?"

"After the siege of the city, William took possession of the Emir's palace. He gives to-night a feast to several seigneurs, the flower of the Crusade. Almost all old customers of my tavern in Antioch: Robert Courte-Heuse, Duke of Normandy; Heracle, seigneur of Polignac; Bohemond, Prince of Taranto; Gerhard, Count of Roussillon; Burchard, seigneur of Montmorency; William, sire of Sabran; Radulf, seigneur of Haut-Poul, and many more merry blades, without counting the gentlemen of the cloth, and the tansured lovers of pretty girls, of Cyprus wine and of dice."

"Is it for this one feast, you old mackerel, that you are engaging me?"

"You will remain in the palace until the departure of the army for Jerusalem, my gentle pupil and pearl of gay girls."

The entrance of a third woman interrupted the conversation between Maria and Perrette, who, uttering a short cry, ran to a miserably dressed young girl, just let in. "You here, Yolande?"

Yolande preserved her beauty, but her face had lost the charm of candor, that rendered her so touching when she and her mother implored Neroweg VI not to deprive them of their patrimony. The face of Yolande, alternately bold and gloomy, according as she brazened out or blushed at her degradation, at least gave token that she was conscious of her infamy. At sight of Perrette, who ran towards her with friendly eagerness, Yolande stepped back ashamed of meeting with the queen of the wenches. Perrette, reading on the countenance of the noble girl a mixture of embarrassment and disdain, said to her reproachfully: "You were not quite so proud when, ten leagues from Antioch, I kept you from dying of thirst and hunger! Oh, you put on airs! You have become haughty!"

"Why did I leave Gaul?" muttered Yolande with sorrowful contrition. "Though reduced to misery, at least I would not have known ignominy. I would not have become a courtesan! A curse upon you, Neroweg! By depriving me of the inheritance of my father, you caused my misfortune and shame!"

The girl, unable to repress her tears, hid her face in her hands, while Maria, who had attentively examined her, said to Perrette in an undertone: "Oh, the pretty legs of that girl! Do you know Yolande?"

"We left Gaul together, I on the arm of the Gibbet-cheater, Yolande at the crupper of her lover, Eucher. In Bohemia, Eucher was killed by the Bohemians who resisted us. Yolande, now a widow and alone, could not continue so long a journey without protection. From one protector to another, Yolande fell under the eyes of the handsome Duke of Aquitaine at Bairut in Syria. Later I found her riding on the road to Tripoli dying of hunger, thirst and fatigue."

"And you came to my aid, Perrette," fell in Yolande, who, having dried her tears, overheard the words of the queen of the wenches. "You gave me bread and water to appease my hunger and thirst, and you saved my life."

"Come, my children, let's not have tears," remarked the matron. "Tears make old faces. You shall be taken to the baths of the Emir, where are assembled some of the most beautiful Saracen female slaves of that infidel dog."

At that moment an old woman, the same who had introduced Perrette and Yolande to the hall, came in roaring with laughter, and said to the other shrew: "Oh, Maria, what a find! A diamond in your brothel!"

"What makes you laugh that way?"

"A minute ago, coming back from casting my hook on the market-place,"—and she broke out laughing anew. Presently she proceeded: "And I found there—I found there—a diamond!"

"Finish your story!"

But the second old hag, instead of answering, disappeared for an instant behind the curtain that masked the door, and immediately re-appeared conducting Joan the Hunchback, who led by the hand the little Colomba, no less exhausted than herself from privations and fatigue. To all cruel hearts the poor woman, indeed, was a laughable sight. Her long, tangled hair, half tumbling over her face, fell upon her bare shoulders, dusty like her breast, arms and legs. Her clothing consisted of shreds, fastened around her waist with a band of plaited reeds, so that her sad deformity was exposed in all its nudity. Joan had stripped herself of the rags that constituted the bodice of her robe in order to wrap the feet of Colomba, flayed to the quick by his long tramp across the burning sands. The quarryman's wife, sad and broken down, quietly followed the shrew, and daring not to raise her eyes, while the latter did not cease laughing.

"What sort of thing is that you bring me there?" cried out the coupler. "What do you want to do with that monster?"

"A first-class joke," replied the other, finally overcoming her hilarity. "We shall rig out this villain in some grotesque costume, leaving her hump well exposed, and we shall present this star of beauty to the noble seigneurs. They will split their sides with laughter. Imagine this darling in the midst of a bery of pretty girls. Would you not call that a diamond?"

"Ha, ha, ha! An excellent idea!" the matron rejoined, now laughing no less noisily than her assistant. "We shall place upon her head a turban of peacock feathers; we shall ornament her hump with all sorts of gew-gaws. Ha, ha! How those dear seigneurs will be amused. It will pay us well!"

"That's not all, Maria. My find is doubly good. Look at this marmot. It is a little cupid. Everyone to his taste!"

"He is certainly sweet, despite his leanness, and the dust that his features are stained with. His little face is attractive."

Seized with compassion at the sight of Joan and her child, Yolande had not shared in the cruel mirth of the two shrews. But Perrette, less tender, had broken out into a loud roar, when, suddenly struck by a sudden recollection, and attentively eyeing Joan, against whom Colomba, no less confused and uneasy than his mother, was cuddling closely, the queen of the wenches cried out: "By all the Saints of Paradise! Did you not inhabit in Gaul one of the villages of a neighboring seignior of Anjou?"

"Yes," answered the poor woman in a weak voice, "we started from there on the Crusade."

"Do you remember a young girl and a tall scamp who wanted to carry you along to Palestine?"

"I remember," answered Joan, regarding Perrette with astonishment; "but I managed to escape those wicked people."

"Rather say those 'good people,' because the young woman was myself, and the tall scamp my lover, Corentin. We wanted to take you to the Holy Land, assuring you that you would be exhibited for money! Now, then, by the faith of the queen of the wenches! confess, Yolande, that I am a mighty prophetess!" added Perrette, turning to her companion. But the latter re-

proachfully answered her: "How have you the courage to mock a mother in the presence of her child?"

These words seemed to make an impression upon Perrette. She checked her laughter, relapsed into a brooding silence, and seemed touched by the fate of Joan, while Yolande addressed the woman kindly: "Poor, dear woman, how did you allow yourself to be brought here in your child? You cannot know what place this is. You are in a house of prostitution."

"I arrived in this city with a troop of pilgrims and Crusaders, who, by a miracle, escaped, like myself and son, a sand-spout that buried, a fortnight ago, so many travelers under the sands of the desert. I had sat down with my son under the shadow of a wall, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, when yonder woman," and Joan pointed to the shrew, "after long looking at me, said to me charitably: 'You seem to be very much tired out, you and your child. Will you follow me? I shall take you to a holy woman of great piety.' It was an unlooked-for piece of good luck to me," added Joan. "I put faith in the words of this woman, and I followed her hither."

"Alack! You have fallen into a hateful trap. They propose to make sport of you," Yolande replied in a low voice. "Did you not hear those two shrews?"

"I care little. I shall submit to all humiliation, all scorn, provided food and clothing be given to my child," rejoined Joan in accents that betokened both courage and resignation. "I will suffer anything upon condition that my poor child may rest for a while, recover himself and regain his health. Oh, he is now doubly dear to me—"

"Did you lose his father?"

"He remained, undoubtedly, buried in the sand," answered Joan, and like Colomba, she could not restrain her tears at the memory of Fergan. "When the sand-spout broke over us, I felt myself blinded and suffocated. My first movement was to take my child in my arms. The ground opened under my feet and I lost consciousness. I remember nothing after that."

"But how did you reach this city, poor woman?" asked the queen of the wenches, interested by so much sweetness and resignation. "The road is long across the desert, and you seem too feeble to sustain the fatigues of such a journey."

"When I regained consciousness," answered Joan, "I was lying in a wagon, near an old man who sold provisions to the Crusaders. He took pity upon me and my child, having found us in a dying condition, half buried under the sand. Surely my husband perished. The old man told me he saw other victims near us when he picked us up. Unfortunately the mule to which the wagon of the charitable man was hitched died of fatigue ten leagues from Marhala. Compelled to remain on the road and to abandon the troop of pilgrims, our protector was killed trying to protect his provisions against the stragglers. They pillaged everything, but they did not harm us. We followed them, fearing to lose our way. I carried my child on my back when he found himself unable to walk. It was thus that we arrived in this city. It is a sad story!"

"But your husband may yet, like you, have escaped death. Do not despair," observed Yolande.

"If he escaped that danger, it was probably to fall into a greater, for the seigneur of Plouernel—"

"The seigneur of Plouernel?" exclaimed Yolande interrupting Joan, "do you know that scoundrel?"

"We were serfs in his seignior. It is from the country of Plouernel that we departed for the Holy Land. Accident made us meet with the seigneur count shortly before the sand-spout burst upon us. My husband and he fought—"

"And did he not kill Neroweg?"

"No, he yielded to my prayers."

"What, pity for Neroweg, Worse than a Wolf!" exclaimed Yolande in an explosion of rage and hatred. "Oh, I am but a woman! But I would have stabbed him to the heart without remorse! The monster!"

"What did he do to you?"

"He deprived me of the inheritance of my father, and, falling from shame to shame, I have become the companion of the queen of the wenches."

"Oh, mademoiselle Yolande," remarked Perrette, returning to her cynic quips, "will you ever remain proud?"

"I?" answered the young woman with a sad and bitter smile. "No, no! Pride is not allowed me. You are the queen. I am one of your humble subjects."

"Come, come, my daughters!" said the matron. "The day declines. Go to the baths of the Emir. As to you, my beauty," proceeded the devilish shrew, addressing Joan, "as to you, we shall rig you up, we shall perfume you, and above all we shall have your hump radiate with matchless lustre."

"You may do with me what you please, when you will have given my child wherewithal to appease his hunger and thirst. He must recover his strength; he must sleep. I shall not leave him one instant."

"Be easy, my star of beauty, you shall remain at his side, nor shall your child want for anything. We shall pay due attention to him."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ORGIES OF THE CRUSADERS.

The interior courtyard of the palace of the Emir, of Marhala, presented that evening a fairy aspect. The court was a perfect square. Along the four sides ran a wide gallery of Moorish ogives carved with trifol and supported by low pillars of rose-colored marble. Between each column and into the court, large vases of Oriental alabaster filled with flowers served as pedestals to gilded candelabras holding torches of perfumed wax. Mosaics of various colors ornamented the floor of the galleries. The ceilings and walls disappeared under white arabesques chiseled on a purple background. Soft silken divans reclined against the walls, pierced with several ogive doors that were half closed with curtains fringed with pearls. These doors led to the interior apartments. At each corner of the galleries, gilded cages with silver bars held the rarest birds of Arabia, on whose plumage were mirrored the glint of the ruby, the emerald and the azure sapphire. In the center of the court a jet of crystalline water shot up from a large porphyry vase, falling back in a brilliant spray, and producing the murmur of a perpetual cascade as the water overflowed into a broad basin, from whose marble rim rose another circle of large and gilded candelabras, similar to those along the galleries. This refreshing fountain, sparkling with light, served as central ornament to a low table that wound around the basin and was covered with a cloth of embroidered silk. On it glistened the magnificent gold and silver vessels, carried from Gaul by the Duke of Aquitaine, and the rich spoils taken from the Saracens: goblets and de-

canters studded with precious stones, large amphoras filled with wine of Cyprus and Greece, huge gold platters on which were displayed Phœnician peacocks, Asiatic pheasants, quarters of Syrian antelopes and mutton, Byzantine hams, heads of the wild boars of Zion, and pyramids of fruit and confectionery. The banquet hall had for its dome the starry vault. The night was calm and serene; not a breath of wind agitated the flames of the torches.

But the tumult of an orgie resounded at this sumptuous table around which, seated or reclining upon couches, feasted the guests of William IX. Distinguished above all and occupying the place of honor, was the legate of the Pope; then followed, to the right and left of the Duke of Aquitaine, Bohemond, Prince of Taranto; Tancred; Robert Courte-Heuse, Duke of Normandy; Heracle, seigneur of Polignac; Siegfried, seigneur of Sabran; Gerhard, Duke of Roussillon; Radulf, seigneur of Haut-Poul; Arnulf, sire of Beaugency; and other seigneurs of Frankish origin, beside the knight, Walter the Pennyless. These noblemen, already effeminated by Oriental habits, instead of remaining armed from dawn to dusk, as in Gaul, had exchanged their harness of war for long robes of silk. The Duke of Aquitaine, whose hair floated on a tunic of gold cloth, wore, after the fashion of the ancients, a chaplet of roses and violets, already wilted by the vapors of the feast. Azenor the Pale, whose lips, no longer white as of yore, but now red with life, was seated beside William, superbly ornamented with sparkling collars and bracelets of precious stones. The papal legate, clad in a robe of purple silk bordered with ermine, carried on his breast a cross of carbuncles hanging from a gold chain. Behind him, ready to wait upon his master, stood a young negro slave, in a short blouse of white silk with silver collar and bracelets ornamented with corals. The cup-bearers and equeuries of the other seigneurs likewise attended the table. The wines of Cyprus and of Samos had been flowing from vermilion amphoras since the beginning of the feast, and flowed still, carrying away in their perfumed waves the senses of the guests. The Duke of Aquitaine, one arm encircling the waist of Azenor, and raising heavenward the gold goblet at which his mistress had just moistened her lips, called out: "I drink to you, my guests! May Bacchus and Venus be propitious to you! Honor to him who is deepest in love!"

Heracle, the seigneur of Polignac, in turn raised his cup and answered: "William, Duke of Aquitaine, we, your guests, drink to your courtesy and your splendid banquet!"

"Yes, yes!" joined the Crusaders; "let's drink to the banquet of William IX! Let's drink to the courtesy of the Duke of Aquitaine!"

"I drink gladly," said Arnulf, the seigneur of Beaugency, in his cups, and, shaking his head, he added meditatively, a sentence already repeated by him a score of times during the repast with the tenacity of the mauldin: "I'd like to know what my wife, the noble lady Capeluhe, is doing at this hour in her chamber!"

"By my faith, seigneurs," said the seigneur of Haut-Poul, "as true as ten deniers were paid for an ass's head during the scarcity at the siege of Antioch, I have not in my life feasted like to-night. Glory to the Duke of Aquitaine!"

"Let's talk of the scarcity," rejoined Bohemond, the Prince of Taranto; "its recollection may serve to rekindle our satisfied hunger and our extinguished thirst."

"I ate up my shoes soaked in water and seasoned with spices," said the sire of Montmorency.

"Do you know, noble seigneurs," put in Walter the Pennyless, "that there are comrades, luckier or wiser than we, who never suffered hunger in the Holy Land, and whose faces are fresh and ruddy?"

"Who are they, valliant chevalier?"

"The King of the Vagabonds and his band."

"The wretches who ate up the Saracens, and regaled themselves with human flesh?"

"Seigneurs," remarked Robert Courte-Heuse, Duke of Normandy, "we must not run down Saracen flesh."

"These feasts on human flesh," explained the seigneur of Sabran, "are not at all wonderful. My grandfather once told me that, during the famous famine of 1033, the plebs fed on one another."

"I remember one evening," added Walter the Pennyless, "when I and my friend Cuckoo Peter had a famous supper—"

"And what has become of that Peter the Hermit?" inquired Gerhard, Duke of Roussillon, interrupting the Gascon adventurer. "It is now a month since he left us. We have not heard from him since. Is he dead or alive?"

"He has gone to join the army of Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, who we are to connect with before Jerusalem," answered Walter. "But allow me, noble seigneurs, to tell you my tale. As I was saying, one evening, at the camp before Edessa, Cuckoo Peter and I, attracted by a delicious kitchen odor, that spread from the quarter of the King of the Vagabonds, walked into their quarters, and their worthy monarch made us sup on a tender roast, so fat, so toothsome seasoned with saffron, salt and thyme, that I swear by my good sword, the Sweetheart of the Faith, Cuckoo Peter and I licked our chops! What a morsel!"

"We should not enlarge in that manner upon abominable feasts on human flesh, seigneurs," said the legate; "we should entertain ourselves with some other subject more pleasing and pious. If you are willing, I shall tell you of a miracle that we are preparing for to-morrow."

"What miracle, holy man?" inquired the Crusaders. "What a lucky windfall!"

"A prodigious miracle, my children, which will be one of the most telling triumphs of Christianity. Peter Barthelmy, deacon of Marseilles, had a vision after the capture of Antioch. Saint Andrew appeared before him and said: 'Go into the church of my brother Peter, situated at the gate of the city. Dig up the earth at the foot of the main altar, and you will find the iron of the lance that pierced the side of the Redeemer of the world. That mystic iron, carried at the head of the army, will insure the victory of the Christians and will pierce the hearts of the infidels.' Peter Barthelmy having communicated to me this miraculous vision, I assembled six bishops and six seigneurs, the most pious and pure. We went to the church. The earth was dug up in our presence at the foot of the main altar—and—to our stupefaction—"

"The iron of the holy lance was found!" interrupted William IX, in a roar of laughter, relapsing into his habitual incredulity.

"You deceive yourself, sinner!" answered the legate. "Peter Barthelmy found nothing in that hole. What a misfortune that a man, who so passionately hates the Jews, should be incredulous to such a degree! But sooner or later the grace of heaven will descend upon you. Meantime I shall confound your incredulity."

(Continued on Page 3.)



# The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 2.)

The lance's iron was not then found. But Peter Barthelmy, moved by a new inspiration of Saint Andrew, threw himself into the hole, dug in it with his nails, and finally did discover the iron of the holy lance. To-morrow, the deacon is to walk across a burning pyre, in order to demonstrate, in plain view of all, the virtue of that precious relic, that will render him insensible to the flames. The miracle is assured—

"A truce with your idle talk!" said William, interrupting the legate. "Halloo, there, cup-bearers, equerries, bring the dice, the checks, my casket of gold, and fetch in the dancers. After a banquet, there's nothing like a cup in one hand, the dice in the other, and beautiful girls in sight, dancing, naked or in gauze!"

"To the game, to the game!" cried the Crusaders. "Equerries, fetch the dice, bring in the dancers and withdraw!"

The orders of the Duke of Aquitaine were executed. The domestics of his household placed under the galleries and near the divans little Saracen tables of sculptured ivory, on which they laid the checks and dice. The Crusaders, in keeping with their unbridled passion for gambling, had provided themselves with fat purses of gold besans, now handed to them by their lackeys. During the tumult due to the preparations for the games and the removal of the seigneurs from the tables to the divans under the gallery, Azenor, her features distorted by the tortures of jealousy, convulsively grasped the arm of the Duke of Aquitaine, who at that moment was opening a casket filled with gold, and whispered to him in a hollow and excited voice: "William, you gave the order to bring in women hardly clad and even naked!"

"That's so, my charmer, and you heard the grateful applause of my guests!"

"Who are those women?"

"Dancers, the joy of banqueters after a feast. Beauties who have nothing to refuse—"

"Whence come they?"

"From the land of marvels, India!"

"Take care! Do not drive me to extremes! Hell burns in my heart! Woe is me! Those creatures here, and under my very eyes? You know that jealousy turns me crazy!"

The Duke of Aquitaine answered his mistress with bantering nonchalance, and drew near a group of seigneurs who were looking at a troop of girls that had just burst into the banquet hall. Noticeable above all were Perrette and Yolande, the former always brazen and challenging. Already the Crusaders, inflamed with wine and amorosness, acclaimed the troop with cries of vulgar license, when Maria announced in a loud voice: "One moment, noble seigneurs, reserve your enthusiasm for the treasure of youth, of beauty and of charms that I hold under this veil and who is about to dazzle your charmed eyes!"

Saying this, the shrew pointed to a confused form, hidden under a long white veil that trailed on the floor. Astonishment and curiosity calmed for a moment the impure ardor of the Crusaders. A deep silence ensued. The eyes of all sought to penetrate the semi-transparency of the veil, when suddenly the Duke of Aquitaine cried out: "Gentlemen, it is my opinion that that aster of beauty must be the reward of that cavalier who displayed the greatest valor at the siege of Marhala!"

"Yes, yes!" responded the Crusaders. "That's right! That treasure must be the prize of the most valorous!"

"I shall not, then, be gainsaid by any," proceeded the Duke of Aquitaine, "when I proclaim that Heracle, the seigneur of Polignac, showed himself the bravest among the brave at the siege of this city." Cries of approval received William's words, who went on saying: "Heracle, seigneur of Polignac, yours is that treasure of beauty! Yours alone the privilege of unveiling that radiant aster that will dazzle us all!"

The seigneur of Polignac eagerly broke through the group of Crusaders, while Perrette exclaimed banteringly, affecting despair: "Oh, cruel man, you leave me for a miraculous beauty!" and catching the eye of William she cried out: "My handsome duke will console me for all my sorrows!"

"By Venus!" said William in great glee, "welcome to you, my rival! Come to my arms, and all sensuous pleasure along with you!"

"Your Azenor will strangle me!"

"The devil take Azenor! Long live Love!"

During this short dialogue between the Duke of Aquitaine and Perrette, the seigneur of Polignac had approached the veiled woman, and raised the gauze that concealed from the eyes of all the prize of the most valiant. The surprise and discomfiture of the Crusaders were first expressed by mute stupor. Before them stood poor Joan the Hunchback, on her head an enormous red turban stuck with peacock's feathers, and a short skirt of the same color on her body, fastened at her waist and completely exposing her sad deformity. By her side, little Colomba pressed herself close to his mother, and was dressed in a flowing tunic, his hair curled and perfumed, but his eyes and ears covered by a

bandage. "I consent to serve as your toy, to endure all humiliations, seeing you have promised to provide for my child and not to separate me from him," were the words of Joan to Maria before lending herself to this cruel buffoonery; "but I insist, in the name of my dignity as mother, in the name of my child's chastity, to cover his eyes and ears, that he may not be a witness of his mother's degradation."

At sight of Joan the Hunchback, the Crusaders, first stupefied, soon broke out in loud peals of laughter, which were redoubled by the disappointment that Heracle of Polignac seemed to labor under. Still under the effects of his discomfiture, he gazed open-mouthed at Joan.

At that moment, livid, her features distorted with jealousy, Azenor was running from one Crusader to another, asking where William had gone to. But the seigneurs, half intoxicated and unconcerned at the sufferings of the love-sick woman, answered her with jests. "Let's carry the hunchback in triumph!" exclaimed several voices in the midst of deafening peals of laughter.

Joan paled with fear. Resigned beforehand to all sorts of jests and humiliations, she had not foreseen such an excess of indignity. Trembling and distracted, the poor woman dropped upon her knees and holding her child in her arms, she muttered amid sobs: "My poor child! Why did we not die with your father in the sands of the desert!" Already, despite Joan's tears, the Crusaders were seizing her, when a great uproar broke out in one of the chambers that opened into the gallery. Immediately, menacing and terrible to behold, Fergan the Quarryman threw himself into the middle of the hall armed with a cudgel and calling out loudly to Joan and Colomba.

"Fergan!" "Father!" the woman and the child cried out together. At the sound of their voices, Fergan rushed across the group of Crusaders swinging his heavy stick and distributing such hard blows before him to the right and to the left, that the seigneurs, stunned and frightened, retreated precipitately before the serf. Beating his way through them, Fergan joined at last his wife and child, and pressed them to his heart in a passionate embrace. The domestics, thrown down, trodden under foot and half killed by Fergan, rose out of breath and explained to the seigneurs: "We were standing at the gate, playing chuck-farthing, when this madman ran up to us from the direction of the market-place. He asked us whether a hunchback and her child had been taken to the palace. 'Yes,' said we, 'and just now they are the amusement of the noble guests of our seigneur, the Duke of Aquitaine.' The madman then threw himself upon us, ran through the gate of the palace, struck us with his cane, and got here."

"He must be hanged on the spot!" the Duke of Normandy cried out. "These pillars will do for a gibbet. Fetch cords!"

"That bandit has dared to threaten us with his cudgel! He deserves the gallows!"

"Death to the criminal! Death!" cried out the Crusaders, now recovered from their first stupor, "Death to the vagabond!"

"But where is the Duke of Aquitaine? No one can be hanged here without his consent."

"He disappeared with the queen of the wenches. But his absence should not delay the execution of this wretch. When he returns he will find the vagabond hanging high and dry. William will ratify the sentence, and approve it."

"I shall give my belt for a rope."

After embracing his wife and child, Fergan took in at a glance the gravity of the situation, and observed that the seigneurs were not armed. Profiting by their first surprise, he had his wife and child climb on the banquet table and ordered them to stand with their backs against the marble edge of the basin. Thereupon, placing himself before them, his heavy cudgel in hand, he made ready for a desperate defence. But still wishing to try a last means of escape, he addressed the Crusaders, who were about to assault him: "For pity's sake, let me depart from this palace with my wife and child!"

"Listen to the bandit, praying for mercy! Quick! Let one of these pillars serve him for a gibbet. Swing a rope around his neck!"

"You may hang me!" cried out the serf in despair, "but more than one of you will have to fall under my cudgel!"

The threat rekindled the fury of the Crusaders. Already, braving the rapid swing of Fergan's cudgel, several seigneurs were rushing forward to seize the serf, when suddenly the braying of clariens was heard from afar, together with loud and nearing cries of: "To arms! The Saracens are upon us! To arms! To the ramparts!" Several men-at-arms of the Duke of Aquitaine rushed into the hall, sword in hand, and calling out: "The Saracens have profited by the night to surprise the city. They have entered near the gate of Agra by the breach that we made. They are fighting on the ramparts. To arms, seigneurs, to arms! Duke of Aquitaine, to arms!" Hardly had these men-at-arms pronounced the name of the duke in the midst of the increasing tumult caused by the announcement of this unforeseen attack, than William IX. appeared, his clothes in disorder, coming out of one of the chambers that opened into the gallery. He was pale and terror-stricken, and held in his hands a parchment, while he cried in a terrified voice: "A Jewess! A Jewess! Damnation!"

"William, arm yourself!" his companions called out to him,

as they precipitately rushed out with the men-at-arms. "The Saracens are attacking the city! Let's run to the ramparts! To arms!"

"A Jewess!" repeated the Duke of Aquitaine with eyes fixed, his brow bathed in perspiration, and seeming neither to hear nor to see his companions in arms. Perceiving the legate of the Pope, William threw himself on his knees at the feet of the prelate: "Holy father, have pity upon me! I am damned! While I was chatting with the queen of the wenches, Azenor entered the chamber where we were and, holding out this parchment, said to me she was a Jewess, and that the parchment, written in Hebrew, furnished the proof. I have been a miserable sinner. Holy father, have pity upon me! I am damned! Mercy for my soul! Upon my knees I ask you for absolution!"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE KING OF THE VAGABONDS.

At dawn, the sun rose over the plain that surrounds the city of Marhala, surprised at night by the Saracens and defended by the Crusaders. The infidels, relying more on their audacity than on their numbers, perished almost to a man in the assault. Only a small number of prisoners were taken. The approaches of the breach in the ramparts, not far from the gate of Agra, through which the Saracens sought to surprise the city, disappeared under a heap of corpses. Clouds of vultures hovered over that abundant quarry, but dared not yet let themselves down on it. Men of prey were ahead of the birds.

These men, wholly naked, red and dripping blood, and hideous to behold, went and came like geniuses of death in the midst of that field of carnage. They would seize the body of a Saracen, strip it of its clothes, roll that in a bundle, and then, kneeling over the naked corpse, they pried open its jaws, rigid in death, carefully felt about in its mouth and under its tongue; finally, with the aid of long knives, they would cut open the corpse's gullet, chest and bowels, whose intestines they then pulled out and examined. Their faces, hands and members streaming blood, these demons were under the command of a chief. He gave orders and directed their sacrilegious profanations. They called him their king. It was Corentin the Gibbet-cheater, become chief of the vagabonds. His seneschal, one-time serf of the seignior of Plouernel, was the identical Bacon-cutter, who, with a blow of his pitchfork had thrown Garin the Serf-eater from his horse just before the latter was butchered by the villagers.

The King of the Vagabonds and his seneschal gave token of rare dexterity in their shocking trade. The two had just seized, one by the head the other by the feet, the corpse of a young Saracen. His face, his rich raiment, hacked by sabre blows, the bodies of several Crusaders stretched on either side of him—all bespoke the fierce resistance the warrior must have offered. "Oh, oh!" said the King of the Vagabonds, "that dog must have been some chieftain, it can be seen by his embroidered green caftan. Great pity that his dress is so slashed to pieces; it might have served as a mantle for Perrette."

"You still think of the Ribald?" asked the Bacon-cutter, helping Corentin to strip the Saracen of his clothes; "your Perrette is in the Paradise of the wenches, on the crupper of some canon, or in the harem of some emir."

"Seneschal, Perrette would leave Paradise, an emir or a canon if the Gibbet-cheater took her to 'Come.' Our corpse is now naked. Make a bundle of the clothes. They will find purchasers in the market-place of Marhala. Now that we have taken the peel from this Syrian fruit," he added, pointing to the dead body, "let's open it. It is inside that the precious almonds must be looked for, such as besans of gold and precious stones. Give me your knife. I wish to sharpen it against mine. The blade of mine has been dulled on the gullet of that old Saracen yonder with the white beard. The devil! His cartilage was as tough as that of an old goat," and while his seneschal was bundling up some clothes, the King of the Vagabonds sharpened his knife, casting upon the corpses strewn around him looks of satisfied covetousness, and remarked: "That's what it means to get up early in the morning. After their night's fight, the Crusaders have gone to sleep. When they will come to plunder the dead, we shall be at the dice!"

"Great King! It is an easy matter to rise early if one has not gone to bed. We arrived in time to gather the harvest on this field of carnage."

"Will you, vagabonds, still reproach me for having induced you to leave the fortress of the Marquis of Jaffa?" replied the king, continuing to sharpen his knife. "Think of lying in a stronghold in order to play the brigand in Palestine! It was folly!"

"And yet, many of those new seigneurs who have left themselves down in the Holy Land as dukes, marquises, counts and barons, begin everywhere, just as they used to in Gaul, to ply the trade of highwaymen on the mainroads."

"With this difference, seneschal, that there are no high roads here, and hardly anybody to rob. One must roam over ten or twelve miles of sand or rocks in order to meet a few thin troops of travelers, who, instead of kindly allowing themselves to be

plundered, like the townsmen and merchants of Ganl, but too often strike back, show their teeth and use them too."

"Great King! You speak wisely. Indeed, during those two months spent with the Marquis of Jaffa, we made but two sorry finds. At one of these, by the faith of the Bacon-cutter, we were warmly curried and rudely beaten, and all for almost nothing."

"In exchange, this fine Saracen quarry awaited us this morning at the gates of Marhala. Our work done, we shall take a dip in the fountain sheltered by yonder cluster of date trees. Thanks to the bath, we, who are now red as skinned eels, shall become again white as little doves, after which, having but to take the pick of these Saracen wardrobes, and our pouches well filled, we shall make our royal entry in the best tavern of Marhala."

"Where, mayhap, you will find again your queen, tapping for the customers and sleeping with them."

"May heaven hear you, seneschal, and may the devil grant me my prayers! Now, quick to work. The sun is rising. We are naked and run the risk of being roasted by the sun before we are through. The bath first, the feast afterwards."

"That word 'roasting' reminds me that this young Saracen is plump and of good muscle. In due time, what a fine mess would not a fillet of his large loins and round calves make, seasoned with some aromatic herbs and a pinch of saffron! Do you remember, among other ragouts, the head of that old sahib of the mountain, boiled with a certain peppery sauce?"

"Seneschal, my friend; you are altogether too talkative. Instead of incessantly opening your mouth, whence flow only vain words, open that of this Saracen, and perhaps beautiful besans of gold or diamond of Bessorah may roll out."

It was a shocking spectacle, like the violation of a sepulchre. The King of the Vagabonds took the head of the corpse between his knees, while the Bacon-cutter tried to force open the rigid jaws of the dead body. Unable to do so he said to Corentin: "That dog of an infidel must have been in a rage at the moment of expiring. His teeth are clenched like a vice."

"And that embarrasses you, you gosing? Insert the blade of your knife between his teeth, flat, then turn it round. That will separate the jaws sufficiently to be able to insert your fingers." And while the Bacon-cutter was conducting his abominable researches obedient to the directions of Corentin, the latter remarked with a ferocious sneer: "Oh, ye miscreant Saracens, you have the malignity of hiding in the hollow of your cheeks gold pieces and precious stones, and even of swallowing them, to the end of depriving the soldiers of Christ of those riches!"

"Nothing!" exclaimed the seneschal with disappointment and interrupting the king, "nothing in the cheeks and nothing under the tongue."

"Have you felt carefully?"

"I have felt and felt over again, everywhere. Perhaps during this night's battle, some foxy Crusader, like a man of experience, have seized the throat of this Saracen at the moment when he expired and may thus have caused him to spit out the gold he was hiding in his mouth. Provided that dog did not swallow it all down."

"The scamp was capable of doing that. Feel about in his throat. After that we shall sound the chest and bowels." So said, so done. The two monsters put the corpse through a shocking butchery. Finally their ferocious cupidity was satisfied. After a series of revolting profanations, they withdrew from the bleeding intestines of the corpse three diamonds, a ruby and five besans of gold, small thick pieces but barely the size of a denier. While the two vagabonds were finishing their ghoulish work, black clouds of thick and nauseous smoke rose from a pyre, started close by, by the other vagabonds, with green branches of turpentine tree. These fellows, instead of disemboweling the corpses, burned them, in order to look among the ashes for the gold and precious stones which the Saracens might have swallowed. These monstrosities having been gone through, the vagabonds proceeded to the neighboring spring where they washed their bloody bodies, and donned their clothes again, or decked themselves with the spoils of the Saracens. The booty was then divided—clothes, arms, turbans, shoes—and they wended their steps towards the gate of Agra. At the moment of entering the city, the King of the Vagabonds, mounting a heap of ruins, said to his men, who gathered around him: "Vagabonds! my sons and beloved subjects! We are about to enter Marhala, with booty on back and bysantins in pocket. I expect, I will it, I order it, in the name of wine, dice and wenches, that, before leaving Marhala, we shall have become again as beggarly as the vagabonds that we are! Never forget our rule: 'A true vagabond, twenty-four hours after a pillage, must have nothing left but his skin and his knife.' He who keeps a denier becomes cold to the quarry. He is expelled from my kingdom!"

"Yes, yes! Long live our King! Three cheers for wine, dice and wenches!" responded the bandits. "The devil take the vagabond, who, rich to-day, keeps for the morrow aught but his skin and his knife! Long live our great King, Corentin the Gibbet-cheater!"

And the savage troop marched towards the gate of Agra and entered the city of Marhala shouting and signing: "Glory to the brave Crusaders!"

(To be Continued.)

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM

When capitalism had once entered fully upon machine production the progress was rapid, in fact it went at breakneck speed. What does this imply? Simply that the surplus value extracted by the capitalists from the workers kept continually growing in quantity. Now there were originally only two ways of doing this: lengthening hours and reducing wages. Manufacture suggested a third, namely, increased productivity of labor by the simplification of the labor process. Nevertheless, long hours and low wages were resorted to by the manufacturers in order for them to hold their own; in fact, we saw that these methods were indeed carried so far that any further attempts would threaten the very existence of the working class, might, to use an old adage, "kill the hen that laid the golden egg." On the other hand, during the industrial stage, the hours of labor have decreased, so that to-day, in many branches, they are actually ap-

proaching the eight-hour limit. Moreover, the standard of living of the average proletarian to-day is far above that of his brother, the English workman, at the height of the manufacturing period; consequently, the wages, that is the amount of necessities of life that can be purchased with the money received, is higher. And yet surplus value, or the part of the laborer's product retained by capital, has increased in greater proportions. Machine production has solved that problem.

By the use of machinery by which five men can do the work it formerly required twenty-five men to do, the hours of labor can well be cut from fifteen to ten, and yet a greater amount of the daily product of each man goes into the hands of the owner of the machinery. When machines are simplified so that two men and a few women and children can do the work of about fifty men, then the union wages of the two lucky ones can

well be increased from \$1.50 to \$3, and yet the exploitation of the workers is keener and the capitalists are piling up more and more surplus value. The principal new methods of exploitation are, therefore, intensification of toil and woman and child labor. The latter phrase needs explanation.

Child labor existed, indeed, in all its horrors in the previous stage, but the children then performed certain work which is now practically done by machinery, such as sewing in bands and buttons, carrying things from room to room, etc. To-day the children tend machines which turn out work which formerly skilled mechanics did. Thus child labor has become a new and very important factor in the exploitation of labor. Hence, we are confronted with the startling fact that, according to United States statistics for 1890, the working class of this country received in wages only 17.2 per cent. of its own products while 82.8 per cent. went to the capitalists as profits.

During this status the division of labor undergoes further development. The branches of industry are subdivided and re-subdivided. For example, there may now be a lamp glass factory in Penn-

sylvania, a wick factory in New Jersey, a globe factory in Indiana, a metal factory in Ohio to make a finished lamp; or for a barrel made at a cooper shop in Minnesota, the hoops may have come from California, the staves from Virginia, and so on, indefinitely. Furthermore, in the various shops the work is so divided and subdivided that, for example, a common shoe is said to pass through about sixty hands, and a fine lady's shoe as high as seventy-five to eighty hands before it is finished. Our working class representatives are no longer shoemakers, tailors, millers, etc.; but shoeworkers, garment-makers, mill employees, etc.; in short, the members of the working class are machine tenders. It is well to note that, from the beginning, capital also divided itself, so to speak. So the industrial period has its manufacturers, merchants, bankers, landlords, shippers, etc., etc., fulfilling particular and distinct functions in the mechanism of capitalism.

The typical feature of this period however is FREE COMPETITION. As a result of this, while the division of labor is creating wonderful harmony and mutual co-operation in the ever larger workshops, chaos and anarchy in pro-

duction reigns supreme in society at large. That is, any possessor of capital having a general notion that somewhere in the world are heads that need hats, feet that need shoes, backs that need coats, stomachs that need food, patent medicine or whisky, or souls that need bibles, hymn and prayer books, etc., will start to produce them, regardless of the number of his ilk in other quarters of the world who are laying plans to provide these same heads, feet, backs, stomachs and souls in the same manner. Production thus goes on headlong and breakneck for a time. Commodities are sent to the market, or pile up in the storehouses. Suddenly there comes a crash. The country is in the midst of an industrial crisis, and the capitalists are confronted with a situation in which though there are yet heads without hats, feet without shoes, backs without coats, stomachs craving for food, whisky and patent medicine, souls badly in need of saving materials; they cannot dispose of their commodities; as all those needing them are wage workers who, having received only part of the product of their labor, are hence only able to buy back a part, therefore they must suffer until the "overproduction" has cleared off. But

while this takes place another phenomenon also occurs, namely, that hundreds of the manufacturers who did not have capital enough to stand this suspension of trade went bankrupt; while they themselves dropped into the ranks of the proletariat. The capital of these manufacturers is regularly absorbed by larger capitalists; among whom, in turn, a more vigorous competition ensues. While the rate of bankruptcy of small capitalists is tremendous in times of crisis, it goes on at a steady rate throughout. In fact, by "free competition" can scarcely be meant anything but the freedom of the big fish to gobble up the little ones. In truth at this stage that was the essential ethic of capitalist business.

Our capitalist type is now no longer an ignorant, blustering Bounderby. He is polished, refined, educated; he lays his plans on a larger and ever larger scale; he is no longer manager and director but leaves such inferior work to hired wage workers; he is "a captain of industry," a coupon clipper; he is a strenuous worker and his work is twofold, first, to lay ever new schemes to further skin the workers; second, to scheme to get the part of the workers' hide acquired by some other fellow. He

no longer worships the old business ethic: "Live and let live," but lays intricate nets for his competitors, and makes a practice of defrauding investors, widows and orphans, insurance companies, creditors, etc. He has palaces in the metropolis, palaces at the seacoasts, palaces in the mountain regions. For the recreation of his body he may go to the gambling dens of Monte Carlo, for that of his soul to Jerusalem; he buys European counts for his daughters, and \$1,000 poodles for his wife. His type abounds in the Jim Fiskes, the Schwabs, etc.

But such free and unlimited competition as here described can not fail to wind up in but one condition. In production and upon the market only a very few competitors could finally meet, well matched and formidable looking to each other. The old sagas tell us that if two formidable vikings fought and either failed to down the other they would embrace, empty a cup together and become fast friends forever afterwards and then go on in the world together to "see whom their combined strength might devour." This viking morality has been modernized in popes, combinations and trusts.—Mrs. Olive M. Johnson.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)



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## SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888.....	2,068
In 1892.....	21,157
In 1896.....	36,564
In 1900.....	34,791
In 1902.....	53,793

It is not the man who talks about  
what might have been done, but the man  
who proceeds to do what can be done,  
whose usefulness counts. In which class  
are you? Figure it out and take heed.

## ONCE MORE, THE REFERENDUM.

There is sometimes danger that the  
recurrence of a fact, so far from teach-  
ing, has the effect of habituating the  
mind to the thing, until it acquires the  
force of "inevitable," and its lesson is lost.  
The returns of the suffrage on propo-  
sitions submitted to a popular vote are  
of this kind. There is danger that the  
lesson they teach and the light they  
throw upon the reformers' cry for the  
referendum will be lost. All the more  
urgent is the emphasizing of the lesson.

On the 16th instant, the city of Phil-  
adelphia was to pass upon a loan propo-  
sition involving \$10,000,000. Rarely was  
a vote so slight as on this occasion. In-  
differences marked the election. Here in  
New York, we have had referendum  
votes on canals, even on the constitu-  
tion of the State. Not at all wonderful  
to say, on neither question was there  
any evidence of deep interest. Just the  
reverse. The vote on these propositions  
lagged far behind the totals for candi-  
dates. And so everywhere else. And it  
is natural; but natural tho' it be, the  
important lesson the fact teaches seems  
to be wholly lost upon the reformer.

The referendum is a weapon or tool  
of civilized society. Capitalist con-  
ditions are uncivilized. The structure of  
capitalist society is built along the plum-  
stone of strife; it is reared on the cor-  
ruption of conflict; it is inspired by the  
breath of hostility between man and  
man and woman and child. The legisla-  
tion that springs from such sources is  
and must be essentially complicated. No  
law can be enacted, and none repealed,  
but dovetails into every nook and cor-  
ner of legislation and of social interests.

Such conditions are to-day irrational;  
they are uncivilized; so long as they last  
they exclude the essence of the principle  
on which the referendum rests, to wit,  
brotherly, harmonious social relations.

The ballot is a tool and not a magic  
wand. It can do no more than those  
who wield it have intelligence to wield  
it with. It is an honest acknowledgment  
on the part of the masses that they  
can not pass judgment on these referen-  
dums, when we see the masses  
leaving them alone. And how could the  
masses be fit to judge in such matters,  
when lawyers, who have nothing else to  
do but study the law, are themselves so  
much at sea that wrangle in the law of  
their existence? Existing conditions  
necessarily remove legislation from the  
masses, and compel a reduction of the  
ballot to the minimum, that is, instead  
of passing upon legislation, it feels better  
to pass upon the legislator. As well try  
to sow a silt with a silk needle, or a  
silk cloth with a bodkin as seek to wield  
the bodkin of the referendum on the  
tangled, flimsy web of capitalist society.

To-day, the simple ballot for candi-  
dates is the only tool applicable and  
wieldable. Once expert in its handling,  
the people can out there with the repre-  
sentatives of capitalism from their po-  
litical fastnesses; sweep aside the crazy-  
quilt of capitalist legislation and inter-  
ests; and establish a rational social sys-  
tem. Then the referendum will be ap-  
plicable; and then, not before, will it be  
valuable.

Until then, the reformer—the honest  
man—is putting the cart before the  
horse—like his sociologic twin—the  
Greenbacker, who aims at Socialist  
money—a consequence of Socialist pro-  
duction—before Socialist production is  
in vogue, the reformer is aiming at the  
Socialist ballot, before Socialist so-  
ciety is established.

MARK HANNA.  
With the death of Mark Hanna a  
monumental figure is removed from the  
stage of American history.

What Mark Hanna might have been,  
under conditions other than the complex  
ones of capitalist society, it is not diffi-  
cult to guess from the combined qual-  
ities displayed in his career, and which,  
though they mark him a distinguished  
figure, certainly marred his special gifts  
for good, dwarfing all and in their com-  
bination producing a prodigy—such as it  
was.

Had his lot been to be born among  
barbarians, Mark Hanna would have  
been a strong-fisted, physically bold yet  
shrewd Ghengis Khan.—The man had all  
the latent fibre of physical daring.

Had his lot been to be born in a period  
and a nation of intellectual repose and  
culture, Mark Hanna would have been  
a learned man, and a profound thinker.  
—The man had all the latent powers  
of the mind.

Had his lot been to be born in, or  
throughout frontier life, the chances  
are even that Mark Hanna would have  
been found either at the head of vigi-  
lantes committees, or at the head of  
the bandits, the objects of the vigilantes'  
solitude.—The man had the latent  
instinct of the bloodhound and the wolf.

Had his lot thrown him into the ranks  
of the Greeks after Xunax, Mark Han-  
na would have taken the place of Xeno-  
phon.—The man had the latent powers  
of the high grade organizer.

Had his lot thrown him into the re-  
quisite company, time and atmosphere,  
greater Utah would have risen at the  
wave of Mark Hanna's wand.—The man  
had the latent idealism to conceive the  
building of nations.

As it was, Mark Hanna's lot threw  
him into capitalist society—American  
capitalist society, at that,—where none  
of the noble and all the ignoble qual-  
ities, evoked by the above-named con-  
ditions, are the atmosphere for the "sur-  
vival of the fittest." The result was  
that the latent good was marred in  
Hanna, and produced, together with the  
latent bad that now was "fittest" for  
development, the prodigy that he was.

Hanna, instead of physical daring de-  
veloped the daring of the Jerry Sneak;  
instead of learning, developed low cunning;  
instead of broadly constructive he be-  
came corrodingly selfish; instead of  
noble, he became callous to wrong. With  
these qualities, expanded by whatever  
was left of his better part, Mark Hanna  
naturally became the undisputed and  
admired and trusted head of our modern  
filibusters—the American capitalists—  
combining in his person the essential  
qualities that none other possessed—at  
least not to the extent that he did. And  
thus, with one foot on the political, the  
other on the industrial field of capital-  
ism, Hanna rose like a Colossus of  
Rhodes—a mighty guide to his class.

Well may they mourn their loss.

## LABOR AS "CONSUMER."

The educational value, or, to be strictly  
correct harmfulness of "Appeal to Reason"  
arguments is illustrated in frightful  
colors in that paper's issue of the 6th  
instant.

In Euclid's geometry there is a prob-  
lem that has come down through the  
benches of colleges by the name of the  
"donkeys' bridge." The problem is not  
difficult in itself, it is rather plain;  
nevertheless, seeing it requires a certain  
degree of mental concentration, most pu-  
pils stumble and fall over it. Hence  
its name. What that Euclid "donkeys'  
bridge" is in geometry, the "Consumers'  
problem" may be said to be in economics.  
So easy it is to stumble and fall over  
that problem, otherwise so plain, that  
all the scheming politicians and official  
professors in the land are engaged in  
rendering the "bridge" more slippery than  
it naturally is. And of course in mass  
the people fall over it. This fact ren-  
ders all the more imperative the strict-  
est of Socialist treatment of the ques-  
tion. Any looseness on that head simply  
plays into the hands of the capitalist  
mental misleaders.

The working class are not concerned  
in the question of consumption. It is not  
as consumers, but as producers that the  
workingmen are fleeced. Only the cap-  
italist class and its abhorred appendage,  
the middle class, who produce nothing  
and consume only, are interested in con-  
sumption. To these property-holding  
classes cheapness is vital. The less that  
costs them which they consume, the more  
wealth they have left over to turn into  
capital. Not so with Labor. LABOR IS  
SKINNED IN THE FACTORY. It is  
there that it is plucked. Being plucked,  
being left with a pittance, its consump-  
tion is reduced proportionally. Labor's  
CONSUMPTION is a consequence of what  
happens to him as PRODUCER. A pic-  
torial presentation of the system by  
which the capitalist plunders the work-  
ingman must, accordingly, represent the

latter in the shop and shop only—  
THERE having the capitalists' hands  
sticking in his pockets, or their vampire  
tentacles sucking his life-blood.

This notwithstanding, the "Appeal to  
Reason" has a garish picture in which  
a stalwart workingman pours in wealth  
at one end of a zig-zagging funnel, a  
number of fat capitalists tapping the  
funnel's elbows out of showers of dol-  
lars, and the identical workingman, la-  
beled "Labor the consumer" distractedly  
and emaciatedly standing at the lowest  
end of the funnel, receiving THERE his  
WAGES as CONSUMER,—the pail into  
which his solitary dollar falls is labeled  
WAGES.

The capitalists need not feel alarmed  
at such cartoons, however grotesque the  
figures in which they are represented. So  
long as the working class' eyes can be  
drawn to and kept fixed upon the CON-  
SUMER'S end of the social funnel, there  
will be no danger to capitalist society.  
It is the same old story that appears and  
reappears periodically, now in the garb  
of cheaper or "plentiful money," now in the  
garb of cheaper goods or "free trade,"  
now in the garb of cheap gas and rides  
as "municipalization," now in the garb  
of "lower taxes," and so forth—the fall-  
acy of "consumption" as an issue to  
Labor. Let Labor have the full product  
of its toil IN THE SHOP, as PRODUC-  
ER, and his CONSUMPTION will take  
care of itself. On the contrary, turn  
his nose towards the consumer's problem  
and his energies will be misdirected—as  
were and are the energies of all the  
workingmen who fall into the "muni-  
cipation," "free silver," "lower taxes,"  
"free trade," etc., quagmires, to the pro-  
longation of capitalism.

The system of capitalist robbery is  
centered in the shop—the question is one  
of PRODUCTION, not of consumption.  
Thereby hang all the prophets and the  
law,—the guard against capitalist chi-  
canery to mislead, to boot.

## HEARST, THE NEMESIS.

There is more than one symptom that  
our free-trade, Manchester school of  
capitalists are beginning to feel decid-  
edly uncomfortable on the Hearst presi-  
dential boom. At first they laughed;  
then they called it a myth; then they  
grew more serious and began to refer to  
it as a mystery. They certainly neither  
laugh nor feel mystified now. With en-  
dorsements pouring in upon Mr. Hearst  
from Unions and even from bankers, as  
in the instance of C. M. Williamson of  
Jackson, Miss., pronouncing Mr. Hearst  
"the man of the hour," our Manchester  
capitalists have sat down to serious work,  
at last. They started an anti-Hearst  
evening paper here in New York, and  
now they are engineering a strike of  
newsboys against Mr. Hearst's papers.  
Both moves are expensive manoeuvres—  
it costs much money to take hold of such  
a paper, more yet to keep such a paper  
going, and still more to line the pockets  
of the fakirs expert on launching strikes.  
Whether these moves will succeed in  
damning the Hearst flood or not re-  
mains to be seen; whether it succeeds or  
not, but much more if it does, already  
has Mr. Hearst earned his spurs as the  
Nemesis of the Fatuous.

Hanna capitalism may be revolting.  
What capitalism is not! But in the in-  
scrutable ways of Providence, the stars,  
as the old proverb has it, can not be  
reached except through brambles. The  
path to the Socialist Republic lies  
through the prickly brambles of capital-  
ism. But this much is certain about  
Hanna or Roosevelt capitalism—it is con-  
sistent. Now, then, as inconsistent as  
Bryan capitalism was, just so inconsis-  
tent is the free trade, or Manchester school  
capitalism. To want capitalism and at  
the same time to want Bryanism is  
idiotic; equally idiotic it is to want cap-  
italism and to want Manchesterism. In  
1896, the Manchester twin idiot of  
Bryanism rushed to McKinley. The  
breach was then established which the  
campaign of 1904 was, by the fatuous,  
expected to be healed. Obviously it will  
not be healed. The Manchester capital-  
ists, now calling themselves Democrats,  
may again have to choose their nearer  
affinity, as they did in 1896, and wheel in  
line with the Republican, or out-and-out  
capitalists.

The Hearst boom may not yet ma-  
terialize this year. It looks as if it will.  
Yet it may not. But, if not this trip, a  
"Hearst boom" is inevitable in the land,  
eventually, if not sooner. The camps  
into which capitalism is dividing the  
country demands such a party. It will  
and must come.

The camp of the SATISFIED, those  
who "stand pat," is bound to be run by  
the Republican party. In that camp  
"standing pat" means to be capitalist  
first, last, and all the time; the free  
traders, with their Manchester school

vagaries, will have to suppress their no-  
tions.

The body of the DISSATISFIED will  
split into two camps. Those who know  
what they want and understand "what's  
up," will be found in the camp of the  
Socialist Labor Party, drilling for fu-  
ture days and deeds. But the by far  
vaster body of the dissatisfied, who do  
not know what they want, and expect  
to get it when they "get there," will be  
appropriated by the Democratic party—the  
"Hearst boom" party we shall designate  
it. And who is there so venture-  
some as to dare deny that such a re-  
organized Democracy may not elect its  
man?

At any rate, cold blows the Nemesean  
blast upon the free trade capitalists.  
And chillily and expensively 'tis teaching  
them to drop their air-castles.

## ANOTHER PROP GONE!

Last year, when it became evident that  
a crisis was imminent, much was writ-  
ten and said of the vast crops and the  
redeeming effects they would have upon  
the situation. Europe, compelled by her  
growing needs to import agricultural  
staples, would create export conditions  
that would tax the railroad and steam-  
ship lines to their fullest capacity, and  
add so many millions of dollars to the  
purchasing power of the farmers and  
the transportation employes as to en-  
able the nation to laugh the crisis to  
scorn and oblivion. The figures on Jan-  
uary agricultural exports show this to  
have been a case of desire overreaching  
itself—of the wish being father to the  
thought. A presentation of these figures  
by a capitalist financial reviewer tells  
the tale as follows:

"So much has been said of late of this  
country's enormous export trade, that it  
will probably surprise many readers to  
know that the outward movement of our  
most important staples is at present the  
smallest in nearly a decade. The Jan-  
uary figures, published last Thursday,  
shows this strikingly. Last month's  
wheat exports from the United States  
were in quantity not only 45 per cent.  
less than a year ago, but were much  
the smallest for the period since 1895.  
Corn exports were less than half those  
of January, 1903, and except for two  
years ago, when the crop failure had  
stopped supplies, were the smallest in  
eleven years. Not since 1896 was so  
small a quantity of cotton sent abroad  
in January, the decrease for 1903 being  
25 per cent."

This decrease in quantity was offset  
by an increase in value—chiefly in cot-  
ton—amounting to \$1,445,100. This in-  
crease in value was gained by the clos-  
ing down of cotton mills and the reduc-  
tion of cotton mill wages. It did not  
bring about that great increase in quan-  
tity that would cause the railroads and  
steamships to require more rolling stock  
and employes, thus augmenting wages  
and purchasing power in the transporta-  
tion industries. On the contrary, re-  
quiring less cars and boats for its car-  
riage the value of last year's crops, it  
cut down wages and purchasing power  
in proportion. Thus another prop is gone.

Who wonders, in view of all this, that  
the reviewer above quoted, concludes his  
statements with doubts as to export pros-  
pects some months hence! Who wonders,  
in view of all this, that the capitalists  
are straining every nerve, curtailing  
every mill and reducing every wage, in a  
great effort to increase manufacturing  
exports, in order to end the crisis that is  
here!

Hanna's death has created a discussion  
regarding the future of the Civic Federa-  
tion. It is said that since that body  
was created solely to advance Hanna's  
political ambitions it will be superfluous  
and vanish. Others again contend that  
Parry will become his successor, as he  
appears to be the capitalist mouthpiece  
just now, and is becoming more so every  
day.

In answer to these contentions, it is  
well to know that Hanna's primary ob-  
ject in organizing the Civic Federation  
was to keep the working class in line  
during the American conquest of Europe.  
This work—performed, in the first in-  
stance, in the interests of the great cap-  
italists—succeeded in its object. The  
world markets were secured. But in  
securing them, the inevitable reaction,  
both against the tactics of the Civic  
Federation, and the conditions which fa-  
vored the American invasion, occurred,  
with the result that Parry's organization  
sprang up, while the Civic Federation,  
being unnecessary in enforcing the wage  
reductions which the trades unions could  
not resist, finds its occupation gone, and  
Parry's star, aided by this change, con-  
tinues to gain ascendancy. When circum-  
stances demand it, another Hanna will  
arise to relegate Parry to the subordinate  
position in the capitalist order of things,  
that is occupied by the interests he  
represents.

Physicians declare that the spread of  
pneumonia is due to a pre-dis-  
posing condition. The poverty of thou-  
sands of families, unable to buy proper  
nourishment, promotes this condition. A  
good deal of the pneumonia epidemic is  
directly traceable to the privations which  
capitalism imposes on the working class.

It is always the part of wisdom to  
bring the ravings of the theorist to a halt  
by an appeal to facts. When you hear  
an extremist, for instance, ranting  
that this is a land in which the  
working class are dependent on the  
few, just plumb down before him  
and his evidence to the contrary, and  
his flow of denunciatory eloquence is cut  
painfully short. Such evidence abounds  
in the daily press. Here, for one, is a  
despatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., dated Feb.  
16, which states that the

"United States Steel Corporation has  
adopted a unique method of bringing the  
striking miners in their Lonsdale mines  
to terms. The last move on the part  
of the company is to stop the pumps on  
two of the shafts and allow them to fill  
with water.

"This will shut off the water supply  
of the whole town as they have no other  
means of securing a supply. The situa-  
tion is serious for the 3,000 people who  
live there. The water has heretofore  
been pumped into a reservoir and filtered.  
It looks as if the steel corporation will  
win as the miners are without funds  
with which to move away from the  
town."

This is a clincher against the Socialist  
disturbers of society. But it is not the  
only one. The newspapers contain an  
amplification of them. They should be used  
until the last inflamer of the working  
class is given his quietus in this country  
of free and independent people!

The Rev. W. J. Shanley, rector of the  
Cathedral of Hartford, and head of the  
Catholic Temperance Union of America,  
addressing the Veronica League, com-  
posed of working women, of this city,  
told them:

"The future of the nation rests on the  
women of the middle classes. It is in-  
cumbent on these women to restrict the  
evils of drinking and gambling among the  
women in the higher sphere."

In making this statement, the Rev.  
Shanley attributes to working women an  
influence they do not possess. Drink-  
ing and gambling of the kind described  
are the results of the useless and showy  
life, fostered by capitalism. In such  
life working women do not more. Their  
husbands having no political, economic,  
or social prestige to maintain by swell  
dinners and gaming parties, they cut no  
figure there. Nor can they, being with-  
out a ballot, aid in the overthrow of the  
system which makes such things possi-  
ble. They might influence their hus-  
bands in such a direction, but that is the  
last thing the Rev. Shanley desires. The  
Rev. Shanley has asked working women  
to do something they cannot do, if they  
would, and he does not wish them to do,  
if they could.

Last year a sixty million dollar cor-  
poration, the Lackawanna Steel Co., was  
set in operation on the lake front at  
Buffalo. The occasion brought forth a  
great blare of trumpets for it was pro-  
claimed that another David had come to  
slay the Steel Trust Goliath. But, woe  
unto the foolish who place their faith in  
the "independents," for they are doom-  
ed to see the day when the "independ-  
ents" shall disappear into that which  
they come to destroy! And so it came  
to pass yesterday, when it was an-  
nounced that the Lackawanna and the  
Steel Trust now worketh hand in hand.

A Pittsburg despatch states that offi-  
cial announcement was made by the  
Window Glass Workers of America of a  
reduction in the wage scale. The cut is  
about 18 per cent. on single and 14 per  
cent. on double strength glass. The new  
scales become effective at once. This  
means the downfall of another labor  
monopoly. But two years ago the wages  
of the window glass workers were cited  
to prove the power of labor unions to  
dictate the price of labor. Now, these  
same glass workers are compelled by  
skill-destroying machinery to announce  
their own decline! Surely a great change  
that is not without its lessons!

Bryan's denunciation of Cleveland as  
a Republican candidate is as accurate  
as it is forceful. With a crisis on and  
a Republican defeat among the Presi-  
dential probabilities, a tried and "safe"  
Democrat is more to be desired by the  
plutocratic interests in control of the  
two capitalist parties, than a reactionary  
one. There is no telling what distur-  
bances the latter may create in his en-  
deavors to "make good" to his middle  
class constituents.

Charlotte Williston, 18 years old, who  
works in a handkerchief factory at 137th  
street and Willow avenue, is in the Lin-  
coln Hospital, her scalp having been torn  
off in a machine at the factory.

Miss Williston worked in a room  
where 400 girls operated stitching ma-  
chines. Each morning before beginning  
their work the girls do up their hair in  
a tight coil and cover it with a close-fitting  
cap. Miss Williston was doing up  
her hair, when a side comb fell into the  
machine. She leaned forward to recover  
it, and as she did so her hair got en-  
tangled in the machinery.

One of the ladies of the French court  
hearing that the people were demanding  
bread, just before the revolution, asked  
"Why don't they eat cake?" No doubt  
many ladies of the four hundred, on  
reading the above will exclaim: "Why  
don't these girls have maids?"

Prof. Triggs of Chicago University has  
been dropped. Triggs has taken part in  
the reactionary crafts and arts move-  
ment, in which he has said some disparag-  
ing things about capitalism. He don't  
know why action was taken against him,  
but it looks as if he has walked the  
same plank over which Prof. Bemis trav-  
eled.

## HIGH DUES

The Painters' and Decorators' Official  
Journal for February has a symposium  
on the subject of high dues. Mr. Gompers  
leads with this statement:

"A good fund in a trade union not only  
protects the members at all times, BUT  
DOES SO WITHOUT THE NECESSITY  
OF RESORTING TO STRIKES."

What does this mean? If it means  
anything it means that a good fund  
makes for peace, and is to be accumu-  
lated for that purpose. Now, what do  
Mr. Gompers' lieutenants say in the  
same issue of the same Journal?

O'Connell of the Machinists approves  
of a high per capita—

"So that with the additional income  
substantial benefits would be paid to our  
members WHEN ON STRIKE, or who  
might be victimized, by this means pro-  
viding the necessities of life while men  
are engaged in great struggles in behalf  
of principles for which they were  
formed."

Miller of the Musicians extols the ad-  
vantages of high dues. He points to the  
miners, who have them, and who, he  
claims, won the anthracite strike:

"Because they were plentifully sup-  
plied with THE SINEWS OF WAR."

"Mamie" Hayes, the only "Socialist"  
delegate of the Typographical Union,  
thinks high dues good things for the  
typos. They enable them

"To keep a defense fund on hand, which  
is a good thing in case of trouble."

Duffy of the Brotherhood of Carpen-  
ters regards high dues as a necessity in  
order that:

"Liberal support may be given to them  
(union members) to conduct the ever-  
growing tendency of the employers to  
crush and stamp labor unions out of ex-  
istence altogether."

Flett, A. F. of L. Canadian organizer,  
thinks high dues alone adequate:

"To cope with the new conditions con-  
fronting our movement to-day."

And believes high dues essential:

"In order to avert those threatening  
dangers besetting us."

MacArthur of the Coast Seamen's  
Journal, is an advocate of high dues be-  
cause a trade union:

"Must be able to protect its members  
while they are fighting as well as work-  
ing."

Sherman of the Metal Workers uses  
these words to boom high dues:

"Then when your members are on  
strike there will be something behind  
you; money that will feed the mem-  
bers and their families during the out of  
work period."

Buchanan, successor of Parks in the  
House-Smiths, holds to high dues be-  
cause

"It is my opinion that the strongest  
labor organizations we have to-day are  
those who have a large fund on hand for  
the purpose of paying strike benefits."

Pat Dolan of the Miners has senti-  
ments akin to those of Miller of the Mu-  
sicians regarding high dues. He be-  
lieves

"The matter of contributing to THE  
SINEWS OF WAR must not be over-  
looked."

Baine of the Boot and Shoeworkers is  
in accord with Buchanan's views on high  
dues; he says:

"The strongest trades unions are those  
whose dues furnish an adequate income  
to carry on the necessary work of a  
militant organization and create a treas-  
ury to guard against attack and protect  
against the inevitable hard times."

Finally, Zant of the Painters and Deco-  
rators, joins with Miller and Dolan in  
their sanguinary reasons for favoring  
high dues by declaring:

"Wise men prepare in time of peace  
for the war to come."

Wherein does all this show that, as  
claimed by Gompers:

"A good fund in a trade union not only  
protects the members at all times, but  
DOES SO WITHOUT THE NECESSITY  
OF RESORTING TO A STRIKE?"

The reverse, viz., the necessity of re-  
sorting to strikes, the testimony against  
Gompers shows, is the—reason? No, not  
the pretext for having a good fund.

Thus Gompers is contradicted by his  
own associates. They, anxious for big  
salaries and anxious to secure the same  
under the plea that they know is false—  
the plea of fighting capital with cap-  
ital—knock in the head his efforts to win  
the approval of employers by peace as-  
surances, while reaping, at the same time,  
the perquisites of the labor fakir from  
the high dues he so fraudulently advo-  
cates, and is squeezing out of the nar-  
row of the rank and file. Gompers wants  
high dues, and tries to get them by lying  
low before the capitalists; his pals want  
high dues by lying high before their  
duped rank and file. The object is the  
same—clover for the fakir.



UNCLE SAM—'Tis getting worse and  
worse. More and more men out of  
work; larger and larger failures; mor-  
e and more suicides; ever more misery. I  
wonder how long the people will put up  
with this nuisance of capitalism.

BROTHER JONATHAN—You and  
all Socialists are enlisted in a ridiculous  
campaign. You want to change the laws  
of nature. You can't do it. All these  
evils you complain of are natural.

U. S.—Are they more "natural" than  
for microbes to kill?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—And yet you were running  
around wild a few years ago when some  
cholera ships arrived in port, to get mu-  
riatic acid to counteract the natural  
effect of the microbe. Are these social  
ills more "natural" than that lightning  
should burn up the house it strikes?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—And yet you have invested in  
lightning rods to counteract the effect  
of nature. Are these social ills more  
"natural" than those our forefathers were  
afflicted with under King George?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—And yet you applaud every  
Fourth of July the work of our fathers  
in abating the "natural" effect of the King  
George nuisance. Now, please explain  
why, if all these things were not less  
"natural" than the social evil now com-  
plained about, and if, as you admit, it  
was not ridiculous to enter a campaign  
against them, it suddenly becomes ridi-  
culous for the Socialists to do so against  
existing social ills.

B. J.—Well, hem, you see—

U. S.—Yes, I see. I see that you  
don't know what you are talking about.  
There was a time in the history of man  
when disease, pestilence and famine,  
thunderbolts, hurricanes and tempests  
were looked upon as heavenly visitations,  
as punishments sent from above, which  
to submit to was pious, and which to  
oppose was impious.

B. J.—People were then very ignorant  
and superstitious.

U. S.—Yes, ignorant and superstitious.  
As fast as they overcame their ignorance  
and outgrew their superstition they cared  
not a rap whence these evils came and



## CORRESPONDENCE

CONTRIBUTORS WHO DESIRE TO APPEAR IN IT MUST SIGN THEIR NAMES. ALL LETTERS MUST BE CONSIDERED AS NOT BEING RETURNED. CONTRIBUTORS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONTENTS OF THEIR ARTICLES AND ANSWERS. NO OTHERS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE.

## THE FRUITS OF PROSPERITY, BLOSSOMING NORTH IN LOS ANGELES.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Capitalist prosperity is busting. Union men are cussing. Wages are on the downward run—best days of labor fakirs are over. Other fakirs are now in clover—And the crisis has hardly begun. These lines are more truthful than poetic, as far as they relate to conditions here. The clipping below from the Los Angeles Record scores two decisive points against the capitalists' mouthpieces in one blow. First: It shows that it is a lie to state that there are two jobs for every workman. Second: It shows that it is a lie to state that those workmen who have no jobs are too lazy to work.

## FAKE EMPLOYMENT AGENT FLEES FROM VICTIMS.

Gibson, Lintott & Co., Said to Have Skipped to Mexico—Mourners' Gather. "That most contemptible of sneak-thieves—the bogus employment agent—operated for twenty-five days at 314 W. Second street, and, Sunday night, disappeared. He got between one hundred and two hundred victims and cleared up anywhere from \$200 to \$500. There is no way to make a close estimate of the crooked work, for the 'mourners' come and go home and do not return to see if he has come back, such are wise enough to save their steps.

Jan. 5, a young man not more than thirty—with a man old enough to have been his father, rented the property at 314 West Second street, paying a month's rent in advance. They hoisted a big sign—"Gibson, Lintott & Co. Employment Agency." They got the sign from J. V. Sweetman, sign painter, in the rear of the building in which the fake agency was located. Sweetman didn't know it at the time, but it is a fact that he painted the sign absolutely free of charge.

A few days after the odd-looking firm opened the 'employment bureau,' the young man, Gibson, announced that he had bought out his partner. A new 'partner' appeared on the scene in the shape of a woman, who claimed to be Mrs. Gibson's wife. In this respect, too, Gibson's choice was odd, for the 'wife' had gray hair and a lack of the flush of youth.

Gibson did a rushing business. He had his shop crowded most of the time. He offered many attractive positions, but never seemed to send his people there in time and the money they had paid him in advance from fifty cents to five dollars was applied on a future chance.

Sunday evening Mrs. Gibson called on the family of A. Goldhaber, agent for the building, and told them she was going to Santa Monica. Tuesday Goldhaber said he believed the couple had gone to Mexico.

"They swindled a great many," said the agent. "Many people, men and women, came to look for him yesterday and more of them came this morning. Most of them looked like very poor people and some of the women were crying over losing their money.

"Monday, some of the crowd broke down the door, but they did not disturb the furniture when they learned it did not belong to the man who had swindled them."

"When we see working people not only anxious to get jobs, but willing to pay a few dollars for them, we are justified in calling capitalist defenders and Socialist denouncers just what they are, plain and every-day liars."

In connection with the above, I wish to add the following: Some time ago a man came to town and rented rooms in a first street office building, next to The Times. He advertised that he was a doctor and needed an office attendant to whom he would pay \$14 a week, but as he needed a responsible person he would have to request a cash deposit of \$50. He left town over \$1,000 ahead, and twenty-five ambitious young American men and women to meet, expecting to take charge of his office, but instead to grieve and cry over his sudden departure. Capitalism takes the whole cake-shop for developing rogues, and it will continue so until the working people arouse themselves, and, by voting for the S. L. P., overthrow the capitalist system and establish the Socialist Republic.

At present Los Angeles is crowded with unemployed the employment bureau's are crowded, and along the adjacent streets men walk to and fro watching the blackboards in the hope that something will turn up. Warm sunshine, beautiful flowers, the rift of dawn, or evening twilight, have no attraction for this nomad swarm of workers in their endless hunt for a steady job.

H. J. S.

## CONDITIONS IN VANCOUVER.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Section Vancouver, British Columbia, is still on the warpath. A number of our missionaries are in the city for the winter from the bush, mines, snow sheds, and railroad building, with a few agricultural and other laborers of the wharf and longshore type—fishermen, mechanics, and some of the retiring class, the wage slave exploiting element, with a correct knowledge of where they will be in the near future.

The weather being rather humid at this time of the year, here in Vancouver, we don't hold regular outdoor meetings; but

like the ordinary wage slave, we work when we can, and have held over 300 street meetings during the past four years, have been interfered with, only once, when our speaker was arrested on Saturday night, but was on the same spot, at the same game, the following evening, Sunday, in the interest of the S. L. P. and the right of Free Speech.

We have missed but three hall meetings in that time. Our hall is always open for all who wish to study the literature of the S. L. P., to learn the way out of wage slavery, so you can see there is little reticence, as far as the S. L. P. here is concerned.

We can't say as much for the great and only "Socialist" Party of British Columbia, with no affiliation with any of the other S. P.'s of any other place. This party is run by the great and only E. T. Kingsley (of Seattle and San Francisco fame) as a "Revolutionary Party," since the late provincial election—held here when they compromised with the pure and simple labor unions under the title of Independent Labor Party, and their straight vote did not equal the numbers in their party at that time; and, as we stated above, this is a "Revolutionary Party." This, in a sense, is true. They have had a revolution since election and split into three, one part holds forth every Sunday night in a 10c play house, after which a collection is taken up (Mr. E. T. Kingsley can tell you what becomes of that, as I understand the rest of the members of this third must not be too inquisitive, or they may not remain in the "Party"). Another third that wanted to know a few things and have a say in matters in general has gone off and formed a mutual admiration society, a young LANG SYGNE Educational Club (That is all right! We all want education); while the third third are walking about disgusted and grumbling (at the rent they made in the Constitution when they compromised at the last election), looking for some place to rest.

As to the two so-called Revolutionary Socialists elected by the miners: Hawthornthwaite, in Nanaimo, and Williams, in Newcastle, both on Vancouver Island, B. C. The two capitalist parties (the Tory: the government; the Liberal: the opposition) are nearly equal in numbers, giving these Socialists the balance of power in the House. How do they use it?

Hawthornthwaite puts in a bill for 8 hours for the miners, when they have it already, but get enough to live on if they work more like all pure and simple. This is what he has done for the miners. The other bill of his is for himself: Free transportation on all railroads in the province for the members.

Mr. Williams puts in bill to reduce the deposit necessary to place a candidate in nomination from \$200 to \$50. Tory Bowser, a lawyer, said: "Make it \$100." Nevins, a Labor Liberal or Liberal Labor, said: "If it is wrong, wipe it out. If right, leave it as it is." It is so left.

The puzzle is, where is the balance of power? Who are these fellows working for? "We, Us & Co." I guess.

They don't explain this puzzle in the official "organs" of either side of the compromising parties.

As soon as the Conservative or Tory party was done with these "Socialists," after election, the weekly issue of their paper quit. The issue is now monthly, until they receive further orders, and the pure and simple will say it is all right, while "The Western Clarion," late "The Western Socialist," a child of "The Citizen and Country," now defunct, in marriage with "Social Justice," appears when it gets ready. When it does get ready, it appears as a dodger, edited by Kingsley, who has been repudiated by the pure and simple. Its last issue appears on December 28th. When it appears again we will assume that the Dominion general election is on, and the Tory party wants help to down the Liberals.

Press Committee,

Section Vancouver, S. L. P., British Columbia, Canada.

Vancouver, British Columbia, Feb. 5.

## WOULD ACCEPT EVEN HANNA AS MEMBER.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—There was an interesting meeting of the so-called Socialist party held in Red Bluff, Cal., on Feb. 3. At least it was interesting to Comrade Brooks and myself. H. McKee, the State organizer of the "Socialists," was the speaker. The county officials threw open the doors of the court room for him to hold his lecture.

At the conclusion of his lecture McKee asked for questions. As we two S. L. P. men thought it might interest the audience to learn the difference between the Socialist Labor Party and the alleged Socialist party, we asked him to explain it in view of the fact that he had not mentioned the S. L. P. in his lecture. He evaded that question and a few more like it.

I finally asked him: "What qualifications must a man have to become a member of your party and have a voice in its management?" McKee answered that a candidate for membership must see and recognize the class struggle; he must separate himself from all other political parties.

I asked him if he could keep out anybody who had these qualifications. McKee thundered back "No!" Even M. A. Hanna, he asserted, could not be kept out

if he declared himself a Socialist. That was all I wanted to know.

The revolutionary organization that attempts to build a new Ship of State out of any old kind of material will fall flat when the time for administration comes. According to McKee any political trickster, any ward heeler, any sorehead, any thief, any fakir—in fact, anything can get in his party. Its cry is "Fake members!"

Does that party's members ever stop to think what the harvest will be? Can the hope that Socialists carry in their breast ever be realized by a party that allows any one within its ranks? Will the "beautiful dream," which we hear so much about ever become a reality at the hands of such a crew?

I say "No!" The most vital point to a revolutionary organization is to look well to the timber that is being put into the structure. Look well to the foundation, the frame, and the covering.

That is what the S. L. P. is doing and thus far it has done it well. We have the great primeval forest of American manhood before us that has never been touched with a true man's axe. We will continue to select timber from it, and out of its many strength we will build the Ship of State that will usher in the Co-operative Commonwealth when the chains of our class will be broken.

Speed the day when honest men will see the McKee meeting we gave away a few hundred leaflets. A. W. Red Bluff, Cal., Feb. 7, 1904.

## PRESS AIDS LABOR FAKIRS TO STEAL S. L. P. PRESTIGE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—The following letter was sent by Section Louisville, S. L. P., to both "The Evening Times" and "The Louisville Herald," both of which, however, refused publication, no doubt for fear of the local "labor fakirs":

"Jan. 23, '04. 'Mr. Editor:—In a recent issue of the Journal of Labor (official organ of Central Labor Union) there appeared in big headlines the statement that the 'Employers' Association,' the 'Democratic Machine' and the 'Socialist Labor Party' were all three defeated in the election of officers to the central body.

"Leaving the Employers' Association and Democratic Machine to take care of themselves, we desire most emphatically to resent that portion of the article which refers to the Socialist Labor Party. Recognizing the fact that the local labor fakirs would give us no space to state the truth in their own paper (Journal of Labor) we trust 'The Evening Times' will grant us such space. The editor of the Journal of Labor, James McGill, willfully and knowingly lies when he states that the Socialist Labor Party was defeated, for the Socialist Labor Party has never had a delegate in the central body, and never will have."

"The constitution of the S. L. P. forbids every member, under penalty of expulsion, from accepting any office in a pure and simple trade union, or any union affiliating with the American Federation of Labor, as we recognize the fact that all these organizations are pro-capitalist institutions, consequently sharing all the corruption and impurities of capitalism. It is little wonder that in such atmosphere freaks and frauds of the Gompers, Mitchell and McGill type are bred who ride the labor movement for revenue only."

"The Central Labor Union of Louisville is a veritable cesspool of corruption, in which no self-respecting revolutionary Socialist would remain even a moment, for 'boring' from within' there would really mean 'wallowing in the mire.' "Since the statement has often been made that not all the delegates to the central body are 'fakirs,' Section Louisville has repeatedly challenged the entire membership of that body to debate with representatives of the S. L. P. This offer is still open to date.

"It must be understood, however, that such a debate must be purely intellectual, the usual central body arguments, such as pistols, knives and brass knuckles, being barred."

"Yours for the truth,

"Section Louisville, S. L. P.

"Lorenz Kleinhenz, Org."

So much for the letter. Now, the comrades here know full well why McGill said the S. L. P. was defeated, when in fact only a few freakish S. P.'s and a bunch of "would-be" fakirs were routed. He (McGill), like all consistent fakirs, naturally has only contempt for "the borers from within," whereas he has always feared the S. L. P. The fact that he has never been able to "use" our organization like the "borers" has many times filled him and his pals with impotent rage, yet "Jim" was always wise enough to keep away from the teeth of the buzzsaw. This rage now will strike the poor borers, for in the last issue of "The Journal of Labor" editorially Jim says that now the borers will all be cast out of the central body, for "Socialism and Trade Unionism" can never harmonize, and never will. And this is the most truthful statement that "The Journal of Labor" has ever made, for that is what the S. L. P. found out long ago, namely, that genuine Socialism can and will never mix with pro-capitalist unionism of the A. F. of L. type, and consequently any delegate who ever appeared at the A. F. of L. annual powwow, or in any of the central bodies, and claimed to be a Socialist must be either a freak or a faker, or both.

For a Socialist to appear as delegate to a Republican, Democratic or Populist convention would be just as logical as to appear as delegate for a pure and simple trade union, for the one, like the other,

believes in the brotherhood of capital and labor.

Later—The Louisville borers, fearing McGill's big foot, have withdrawn from the central body and organized a new central body, where they intend to bore some more. The chances are that they will bore the new body to death before it fully ripens, but in the meantime it would be in order to make Cronk's "Weekly Fireman and Policeman's Hand Bill" the official organ of the new tape-worm.

Press Committee, Louisville, Ky.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 12.

## A PROTEST.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—I wish to make a protest against freakish articles being published in The Daily and Weekly People.

The article which I have reference to is the local platform of Section Braddock, Pa., which appeared in The Weekly People of Feb. 6, 1904.

The platform starts with the definition of Socialism in the first part, and in the second part it finishes with the following:

"While we aim at nothing short of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and wholly endorse the national platform of the S. L. P., we present the following plans for immediate borough reform:

Right here is a freakish contradiction. How can a Section of the S. L. P. endorse the revolutionary platform of the S. L. P. and then present to the working class a set of cheap bourgeois reforms?

Then the demands follow. In the second demand they want \$2 a day for 8 hours as the minimum wage. Why, say, that's about the cheapest thing that ever happened. Why the pure and simple union demands that for common labor, and gets it!

The fourth demand reads: "The Borough shall establish a coal yard which shall supply the people with fuel at cost price."—a la Appeal to Reason.

Eighth demand: "We demand that political economy be taught in the public schools." What kind of political economy—Capitalism, or Socialism?

The last paragraph, which is the only clear-cut part of the programme, is copied word for word, with no quotation marks and nobody giving credit for it. I don't think that quite the proper thing to do, do you?

Bert Jacobson.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 9.

## HOW THE SOUTHERNS TREAT SOCIALISTS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—I write this to let the comrades of the country know how the Southrons in Alabama treat a person for expressing Socialist sentiment.

On Feb. 4 I was standing on the Mobile & Ohio dock talking to a number of workmen about the condition of our class. I told them that any man or set of men who were forever going about damning the black man or workers of other nationalities was responsible for a part of the cause of the workingmen's miserable condition that existed to-day. I had no sooner said that than one ignorant Southron stepped back, picked up a brick, and threw it in my face injuring me severely. Needless to say no arrest was made as my assailant had only "done up" a Socialist.

The pure and simple here were jubilant over my being assaulted. There are a number of them working around the cotton and timber boats. These pure and simple will not admit negroes into their union, and they threatened to throw me into the river one day because I told them that their union would never be a success while it barred any division of the working class from membership.

That crowd of men never had the opportunity to carry out their threat and that explains the reason for their joy over a coward's act. The lot of a Socialist in this part of the country is not an enviable one.

C. B.

Mobile, Ala., Feb. 12, 1904.

## A GALLANT BAND'S FEARLESS CHAMPION.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$3.50—one year's subscription for The Daily People. I believe there are very few instances in the political history of the United States that show as much sacrifice on behalf of truth and justice in political warfare as is shown by the gallant band of S. L. P. comrades and sympathizers who recognize in The Daily, Weekly and Monthly People a fearless champion of the Social Revolution, and the final emancipation of the working class in the establishment of the Socialist Republic.

M. D. F.

Dorchester, Mass., Feb. 17.

## AN INTERESTING SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—During the past month a steady agitation has been kept up by Section East St. Louis, Ill., aided by members from the neighboring Sections of Belleville and Madison County, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo. This agitation has taken various shapes. The Section has ordered large bundles of literature from the Labor News Company of late, and a good many pamphlets have been sold. The distribution of leaflets has been kept up at a steady rate in shops and factories. A steady flow of subscriptions from this place bears witness that the work is gradually bearing fruit.

Of chief interest at this season, however, are the agitation meetings held every Sunday at Lounsbury Hall, Fifth and Missouri avenues. These are of interest and of educational value, not only to those who, led by the advertisement, stroll in for the first time, but also to the members themselves, as the number of subjects discussed and the general discussion that follows each lecture put the

comrades and sympathizers in touch with a variety of phases of the social question.

On January 24, C. A. Johnson spoke on "The Social Revolution." This, so far from being an incitement to a reign of terror, such as the Philistines would conjure up to scare some one into believing, was a rational exposition of the development of society, and to what it will lead. The great economic revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were traced, and it was pointed out how these had completely altered all social relations. It was then shown how this was bringing about a complete intellectual revolution, a revolution in ideas and conceptions of right and wrong. This again was absolutely bound to lead to a political revolution by the working class, and this whole evolutionary series would ere long culminate in the great social revolution, that is, the overthrow of capitalism and wage slavery and the establishment of the Socialist Republic.

The question was asked as to the difference between revolution and counter revolution, and it was pointed out how, in revolutionary periods, the old class in power will enact a counter revolution in order to maintain this power, and, therefore, revolution stands for progress, counter revolution for reaction.

On January 31, William Knight spoke on the subject, "A Look Into the Future." Here we might have imagined that we would be treated to a fine description of a distant land of dreams, for the purpose of coaxing us into giving up our hold on the present state, but Comrade Knight stayed quite on this earth, and gave us only facts and figures of things belonging to it.

The next subject, of February 7, was "Wage Labor and Capital," which was treated by J. W. Johnson. Our good capitalist masters, the captains of industry, etc., came in for their share. Their parasitic nature, their uselessness to production, their differentiation from the means of production, which only become capital by virtue of the private ownership by the capitalist, were all set forth in plain terms. Their luxurious living and idle lives were in several instances strikingly contrasted with the excessive toil and miserable existence of the members of the wage-working class, the class that, nevertheless, does all the useful work in society.

The comrade showed that in order for wage slavery to cease, and labor become free, it was necessary for the means of production to lose their nature as capital and become mere useful means to aid in production by becoming the collective property of all the people.

Both comrades were beset with questions, and a great interest was manifest during the discussion.

Last Sunday, February 14, Comrade William Billsbarrow, of St. Louis, Mo., spoke on the important question of the day, "Old and New Trade Unions." He first pictured the conditions at the time when the present trade unions took their rise, and showed that then there might have been some sense in organizing upon the basis of mutual interest of capital and labor, because the two had not as yet been differentiated from each other and from the point of progress they had also a common enemy to fight—the feudal lord. But to-day the capitalist class is the ruling class, and the working class is the oppressed class, and between these there can be no community of interest whatsoever.

Instead of the workers organizing upon the basis of mutual interest of employer and employee, they must organize upon the basic principle of antagonism between the two—upon the class struggle. It was then shown how the old mode of trade unions breed fakirism; in fact, that they themselves were fake institutions. With these the speaker contrasted the aims, methods and means of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, and laid great stress upon the fact that in order for the workers to accomplish their own emancipation, or even hold their own in the everyday struggle, they must be thoroughly class-conscious—they must understand the class struggle.

Several questions were asked upon the position of the Alliance in the labor movement, and were answered by the speaker.

Press Committee.

## CLEVELAND (OHIO) LECTURES.

Section Cleveland, S. L. P., has arranged for the following lectures:

Sunday, February 21—"Attitude of the S. L. P. Towards Trade Unionism." Speaker, F. Seymour.

Sunday, March 6—"Effect of Machinery on the Working Class." Speaker, John Kircher.

These lectures take place at 3 p. m. at Section Hall, 356 Ontario street, top floor (German-American Bank Building).

All workmen, and their friends and especially the readers of The Weekly People are cordially invited to attend. Admission free.

## FOR THE GERMAN PARTY ORGAN.

Section Cleveland, S. L. P., will give a jolly entertainment and ball for the benefit of the German party organ, on Tuesday, Feb. 23, at Finkbeiner's Hall, corner Starkweather and Pelton avenues, commencing at 8 p. m.

A fine programme will be rendered and all kinds of refreshments served. Three valuable prizes will be given away as follows:

First prize—An elegant \$45 New Home sewing machine.

Second prize—A fine mandolin and case.

Third prize—A box of fine cigars.

Tickets are ten cents a person and can be had from all comrades and at the office of "Cleveland Volksfreund," 103 Champlain street, corner of Seneca.

Comrades, do your best to make this affair a great success.

## LETTER-BOX OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BOXA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

T. P., COLUMBUS, O.—The "Manchester School" is the name given to that branch of capitalist theory that imagines the competitive period of capitalism, with all its glories, is ideal and for all time. The Manchesterians abominate the trust phenomenon and, of course, gaze at it as a cow does at a comet. As a result of their theory, the Manchesterians are dogmatic free traders, and metaphysical anarchists on the subject of decentralization of government.

T. F. N., RUTLAND, VT.—As to that, the Simonses played a scurvy trick on Kautsky. By translating his "Reform and Revolution" they left his nonsense untouched as well as his sense, and exposed him on the former. The so-called "Kautsky pamphlets" that the S. L. P. issued in 1894 saved him and themselves on that score. All the nonsense was left out of them. Thus he was known only on his sound side. But hereby hangs a joke. When the Kangaroo split came on, the old plates of these "Kautsky pamphlets" remained in the hands of the Volkszeitung Corporation, and the corporation had a new set of pamphlets struck from them, and tried to sell them. Thus, while it was denouncing the S. L. P. in particular and De Leon who adapted the pamphlets to America, in general, the corporation was Timbuctoosily trying to sell S. L. Pism.

P. L., NEW YORK—Dr. Halperin, the Social-Democratic party's standing candidate in the Fourth Assembly District is not a citizen and refuses to be one. For that matter, it is doubtful whether a single Social-Democratic candidate in the Jewish East Side is a citizen.

E. C., PERKINSVILLE, VT.—There is no such thing as getting up a leaflet on wages and profits so as to "defy refutation." People who are in to "refute," refute only all the more violently the more crushing the facts are.

E. S. C., LINCOLN, NEB.—The question is well put. Yes. We believe the Volkszeitung corporation would like to keep the Socialist movement back in this country, so as not to have the movement here go ahead of Germany.

F. Y., BUTTE, MONT.—There are no real free traders in the so-called free traders' camp. What there are is specific interests who would be benefited by the removal of the tariff on some particular article. Take Cleveland, for instance. He owns coal mines in Nova Scotia. He wants the tariff off coal. But if, as is probably the case, he holds stock in some domestic concern he will not want the tariff off that. Likewise there is no such thing as a real protectionist. But individuals who run domestic concerns want a tariff. Now, individuals in the two different sets call themselves free traders and protectionists, but they are that only in the above sense.

P. T. P., OLNEYVILLE, R. I.—Why not keep this office posted, and prevent such mishaps?

L. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The answer to your question came in this week from Paterson. The figures are: In 1902, S. L. P., 297 votes, S. P., 394 votes; in 1903, S. L. P., 217 votes, S. P., 207 votes.

T. J. C., BOURNEDEALE, MASS.—Letter with desired information, mailed to you has been returned by the P. O. What is your P. O. address.

J. B., BOURNEDEALE, ENG.—The first instalment of "The Pilgrim's Shell" was preceded by an introduction stating that the story is one of a long series, written by Eugene Sue under the collective title of "History of a Proletarian Family." In its original form the work is so bulky that it keeps away readers. We know of no English translation of it. The Harper's Company started a translation long ago, but it stopped short very much at the beginning, probably afraid of the revolution the work creates on many a pious fraud perpetrated by current books of history. The stories will be taken one after another, translated and published in these columns. It is the only work of Sue that may be said to deal with the Social Question of Ages.

F. D., NEW HAVEN, CT.—Impossible to make out. Be more specific.

J. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You and yours have no right to complain that The People exposes your New York Social-Democracy as a racial affair run by Zionist Jews and Volkszeitung haters of the American and the Irish. Your party tried to make out that the S. L. P. is anti-Semitic and anti-German. They know that that is false, and their lies were nailed. The People only met the challenge by proving that your crew were the cultivators of race hatred and race perverseness.

H. S. S., SANTA MONICA, CAL.—An article ceases to be merchandise, or commodity, the moment it is taken from the market and is put to its use value. A is right.

J. H. F., DUQUOIN, ILL.—There is less truth and even less equity in the

stories about Thomas Paine's having been a drunkard, than there is about similar stories regarding Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, and Edgar Allen Poe, the American poet. All these men drew upon themselves the vitriolic hatred of the clericalists of all denominations, who sought to blacken their characters by exaggerations of their foibles. They did the same thing with Spinoza, the philosopher.

F. W. B., PATERSON, N. J.—We have no authority to pass upon such matters; and The People may not give its private opinion upon them. That belongs to the N. E. C. But this may be said here: Constitutions are for parties, not parties for constitutions. It remains for the collective wisdom, or unwisdom, of an organization to decide where the enforcement of the letter of a provision would do violence to its spirit.

T. I. F. V., CHICAGO, ILL.—Private resentment? None the slightest.

The language and methods adopted by the so-called Socialist, alias Social-Democratic party men against the S. L. P. have been everything but decorous. Nevertheless, we can think of but very few men in that camp whom we could never work together with. We can allow for the heat of passion, and our trust in human nature will not allow us to think these adversaries are incorrigible. Private resentment? None whatever. As a proof that not private resentment but only principle animates us, we shall here mention two that occur to us and with whom we cannot imagine ourselves to work hand in hand. They are the present Mayor Born of Sheboygan and Carey of Haverhill. These two have been guilty of a breach of trust—a black crime—the letter against the S. L. P., the former against the S. P., and they therefore have done the Socialist movement great injury. They have shaken public confidence in common integrity. And even as to them, we can not think of ever working with them simply because we can not imagine a man, guilty of such turpitude, to ever have the manhood of standing up before the American working class—the party really sinned against—and say: "I was guilty of a dirty trick; if I knew what particular limb the dirty trick came from I would cut it off; give me a chance to redeem myself." There is no personal feeling in the matter.

F. A. P., NEW YORK—It is not likely that all the countries of civilization will leap into Socialism abreast of one another. Consequently, if there could be no Socialist country without all the others being Socialist AT THE SAME TIME. Socialism would have a poor show. What probably you have in your mind is whether any country could be Socialist without the effect of that hastening the Socialist march of the rest. No. One Socialist country, IF POWERFUL, would have the effect of rendering capitalism untenable in the others within one generation; if it is a weak country, the others would crush it. Hence we can see no prospect of the Socialist Republic starting anywhere except here in America. America alone, of all nations, has both the inherent strength and the no less necessary strength of location.

J. G. S., MARYSVILLE, WASH.—In all such matters a clear understanding of the terms one uses is a prerequisite. Such terms are technical, and may not be taken in the daily parlance sense. What is the technical meaning in biology of the term "the fittest"? Does it mean the "best"? Obviously not. Because "best" would be interpreted differently from different



## OFFICIAL

**NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.**  
Regular meeting held on February 19 with A. Klein in the chair. Absent without excuse, J. Hammer and J. J. Kinneally. The financial report showed receipts, \$63.31; expenditures, \$66.71. The Secretary submitted a call for the vote on the nominations made for the convention city and the same was adopted and ordered sent to the Sections, together with an announcement that Sections may, with the result of the vote, send resolutions they desire to have brought before the convention.

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From San Francisco, Cal., were received several letters reporting local work and also difficulties which had arisen with a canvasser for The People sent there by the S. E. C. Other letters from the S. E. C. of California were also read bearing upon the same matter, and since an investigation has been started, action was deferred. Los Angeles, Cal., sent part payment for The Daily People Auxiliary League; likewise Toronto, Canada. Comrade L. Haler of Los Angeles donated three loan certificates to The Daily People. The California S. E. C. reported as to action taken relative to the election of delegate to National convention. Section Denver, Colo., reported that industrial conditions are bad, hundreds of men being thrown out of work and that the Sections have a difficult position to maintain. The Pennsylvania S. E. C. sent word in answer to inquiry by the N. E. C. as to the steps taken to secure place on the ballot in the coming election. The Secretary of the new Section at Frontenac, Mich., sent letter of inquiry about party literature. Section Salt Lake City, Utah, reported election of a new organizer and about local work. The Washington S. E. C. reported the expulsion of M. J. Kennedy, a member-at-large, for treason and contempt. The R. I. S. E. C. sent a letter explaining that conditions in Section Pawtucket are such that reorganization of the said Section has become imperative and asking for power to proceed with such reorganization, which was granted. A letter was received from M. T. Berry consenting to go to Milwaukee, Wis., as requested.

The National Agitation Fund Committee, a body formed some time ago at the suggestion of the N. E. C. for the purpose of raising funds for the coming campaign, made a report showing that they had done all preliminary work and were about to send matter to the Sections. The report was, upon motion, received, and the plan submitted endorsed.

The business manager of The Daily People complained of the lack of work done for circulation and requested that the N. E. C. call upon the membership to act with the utmost promptness upon the recommendation contained in the February 15 circular about to be sent out. The Secretary was instructed to embody in the published minutes of the N. E. C. an urgent request that each and every Section take up the work suggested and push it with might and main.

Election of officers was reported by Peoria, Ill.; Roanoke, Va.; Union Co., N. J. and Allegheny Co., Pa.

Further nominations for the city of the convention were received as follows: New York was nominated by Providence, R. I.; Belleville, Ill.; Elizabeth, N. J.; Marion, Ind.; Roanoke, Va.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Allegheny Co., Pa.; New York, N. Y.; Sand Lake, Mich.; Saginaw, Mich.; and Richmond Co., N. Y. St. Louis, nominated by Evansville, Ind.; St. Paul, Minn.; Duquoin, Ill. and East St. Louis, Ill. Providence, nominated by Phoenix, Ariz. Buffalo, nominated by Red Wing, Minn. Cleveland, nominated by Hamilton, Ohio, and Ann Arbor, Mich. Lynn, nominated by Kalamazoo, Mich.

**EDWARD C. SCHMIDT,**  
Recording Secretary.

**VOTE FOR CONVENTION CITY.**  
New York, Feb. 10, 1904.

To the Sections of the Socialist Labor Party. Greetings:  
The date set for the making of nominations for the seat of the convention of 1904 having expired, the nominations made are herewith submitted to a vote of the members. We shall arrange the nominations in accordance with the number of nominations each city has received as follows:

New York, nominated by Lowell, Mass.; Detroit, Mich.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Paterson, N. J.; Lead, So. Dak.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Hartford, Conn.; Rockville, Conn.; Chicago, Ill.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Cleveland, O.; Lynn, Mass.; Tacoma, Wash.; Woburn, Mass.; Watervliet, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; San Jose, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Cambridge, Mass.; Houston, Tex.; Newark, N. J.; Louisville, Ky.; Troy, N. Y.; Providence, R. I.; Belleville, Ill.; Marion, Ind.; Roanoke, Va.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Pittsburg, Pa.; New York, N. Y.; Sand Lake, Mich.; Saginaw, Mich.; Richmond Co., N. Y.; Lawrence, Mass.; New Bedford, Mass.; Winoona, Minn.; Woburn, N. J.

St. Louis, nominated by Chicago, Ill.; Mesa Co., Colo.; San Antonio, Tex.; Kansas City, Mo.; Evansville, Ind.; St. Paul, Minn.; Duquoin, Ill.; St. Louis, Ill.

Cleveland, nominated by Buffalo, N. Y.; Hamilton, Ohio, Ann Harbor, Mich.; Moosup, Conn.

Buffalo, nominated by Red Wing, Minn. Albany, nominated by Albany, N. Y. Lynn, nominated by Kalamazoo, Mich. Boston, nominated by Baltimore, Md. Milwaukee, Wis., Fall River, Mass.

Please report the result of this vote not later than April 16, 1904, on which day it will close.

In connection with the foregoing and in keeping with the usage of the Party, the Sections are herewith called upon to formulate such resolutions as they desire to have brought before the convention. These resolutions should be sent together with the result of the vote and they will then be printed and sent to the organizations so that they may know what each Section has proposed.

For the National Executive Committee, S. L. P.  
**HENRY KUHN,** National Secretary,  
2-6 New Reade street, New York City.

**MISSOURI STATE COMMITTEE.**  
Meeting of Feb. 16. Billsbarrow in the chair. Absent, without excuse, Grupp, whose seat was declared vacant. Minutes approved.

Communications: from Topeka, Kan., about distributing party literature. From G. Schlatter of St. Charles, Mo., who was admitted to membership. From A. Swanson, sending in \$2.00 for Home-stretch Fund.

Secretary reported having sent notice to Sections to make nominations for delegate to National Convention.

Secretary instructed to write to the N. E. C., explaining in detail the situation here and asking the N. E. C. for a ruling, if we are recognized as a regular State Committee or not.

Henry J. Pooling, Rec. Sec.

**MASSACHUSETTS NOTES.**  
To the Party members in Massachusetts:

Comrade—At the last State conference, and later by referendum vote of the Party, only twelve dissenting votes being cast, you voted to have a paid official of the Party in the Bay State to attend to the work of secretary and organizer. You also voted, only twenty-seven dissenting, to canvass the State as per plan of conference sent you for contributions to pay him.

The secretary and organizer has been in office since January 10, and but slight work has been done toward raising the funds to defray his wages. The General Committee wants each Section in Massachusetts to attend to this matter at once, and select a hustling member in each Section to canvass the members and sympathizers for funds for that purpose, and attend to the matter at once. This is your business, if you want a secretary. If you do not want him, immediately take constitutional methods to abolish the office, but do not trifle with the matter. It takes funds to work with, the General Committee can not but look to you for them.

Don't let this matter lay on the table for six months, but attend to it at once. Each member should make it his particular business to see that it is looked after. The paid secretary was your choice. Now see that you furnish the funds to pay him. He is a human being and has to eat, and the Party uses his entire time.

The members should attend to the Party side of the question. And do so at once if they want the committee and secretary to do work that will build up the movement, co-operate to that end. But don't wait and trifle with the matter. Read circular of December 15.

For the Massachusetts General Committee, Massachusetts S. L. P.  
Michael T. Berry, Sec.,  
99-12 Chestnut street, Lynn, Mass.

**MASSACHUSETTS FAIR COMMITTEE.**  
Meetings held in Section Boston's headquarters, 1165 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., February 10th and 17th.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from Section Hartford, Conn., bearing on the Fair accepted.

Bills for various items were received and ordered paid.

Committee report that Schwaben Singing Society will attend on the second evening of the fair.

Section Everett donates a carved sign with party name upon it, and a motto for section headquarters' door.

A contest ordered to be arranged with sections for the games.

Various signs were ordered painted, and these words inscribed around the Karl Marx picture: "The Emancipation of the Working Class, Must be the Work of the Working Class Itself."

An advertisement of the party papers was also ordered.

Minot Hall has been engaged for Saturday evening, March 12, for an auction and dance, ordered to be advertised in The People, "Arbetaren" and "The Saver."

Secretary was instructed to notify all the comrades appointed to attend to the various features of the Fair to appear before the Committee meeting, Tuesday evening, February 23, at 8 p. m. at section Boston's headquarters, 1165 Tremont street.

Arrangements were ordered for the glass-blowing exhibition, the comrade having arrived home after being on tour of the different states.

As the time for holding the Fair is close at hand, the details were considered by the Committee. The plans, so far as experience and means will permit, have been well prepared. It now remains for the comrades and sympathizers of the Socialist Labor Party to make the Fair a success.

There will be refreshments and entertainments in abundance, giving you a chance to bring your wives and children and friends early, to listen to the entertain-

ment and get into the games, and not only enjoy yourself, but help to increase and strengthen the power of those who are shedding the knowledge and light that will make your class—the working class—free!

John Sweeney,  
Secretary.

## SECTION BOSTON'S LECTURES.

Sunday, February 28—"The Fundamental Principles of Socialism." Speaker, Louis Ballhaus.

The above lectures are held in Party Headquarters, at 1165 Tremont street, Sundays, at 8 p. m. Comrades and sympathizers are requested to attend. Questions allowed and discussion invited.

## S. L. P. LECTURES IN BUFFALO.

To give those who are interested in the Socialist Labor movement an opportunity to learn more about its principles than can be explained during the discussions in the Labor Lyceum, Section Buffalo has arranged for a parallel series of lectures to be delivered by members of the S. L. P. only. These lectures are held every Friday at 8:15 p. m. sharp, at Louis Kries' Hall, 231 William street, near Walnut street (two flights up). General discussion follows each lecture. Every man and woman is invited. Admission is free to all.

Feb. 26—James Goward, on "The Labor Market."

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Sunday, Feb. 28—"Labor Power as a Commodity," Olive M. Johnson.

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John J. Ernst, Organizer.

## SECTION MILWAUKEE, ATTENTION!

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Now is the time to decide how it shall be done. Let nobody lag behind! Forward! ever forward the S. L. P.!

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## THE WEAVERS' STRIKE.

The members of North Vassalboro Woolen Weavers' Union, L. A. 392, Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, are on strike in the mills of the American Wooler Company at North Vassalboro, Maine. The strike was brought on by the tactics of a slave-driving boss, who not only reduced wages and piled on annoying rules and restrictions, but tried to drive the organized weavers out of business by discharging and blacklisting the active members of L. A. 392.

The weavers are determined to fight it out, and L. A. 392 appeals to all members of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance and all others in sympathy with their struggle for better conditions, to render whatever financial assistance they possibly can in order that the battle may be fought to a successful finish. All money donated will be acknowledged in The Daily and Weekly People. Send contributions to John J. Kinneally, Gen. Sec., S. T. & L. A., 2-6 New Reade street, New York, or Sam J. French, care of Daily People, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

Amos E. Handy.

Rec. Sec. L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A., North Vassalboro, Maine.

## WILLIAM J. ZOELLIG.

In the death of Comrade William J. Zoellig, Local Alliance 309, S. T. & L. A., of Buffalo, N. Y., suffers the loss of a faithful worker and a noble comrade.

Though but twenty-one years, eight months and ten days old, Comrade Zoellig died of heart failure, superinduced by overwork; and is truly another victim of the present capitalist system of production. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that we redouble our efforts in upbuilding our organization; and, in conjunction with the S. L. P., endeavor to overthrow the obnoxious system that is responsible for such untimely deaths as this.

Local Alliance 309,  
W. C. Vincent, Organizer.

ment and get into the games, and not only enjoy yourself, but help to increase and strengthen the power of those who are shedding the knowledge and light that will make your class—the working class—free!

John Sweeney,  
Secretary.

## SECTION BOSTON'S LECTURES.

Sunday, February 28—"The Fundamental Principles of Socialism." Speaker, Louis Ballhaus.

The above lectures are held in Party Headquarters, at 1165 Tremont street, Sundays, at 8 p. m. Comrades and sympathizers are requested to attend. Questions allowed and discussion invited.

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## THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME

## STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS \$4,643, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged, \$3,530.93

T. Dorschinski, Detroit, Mich. .... 2.00  
S. Levy, Detroit, Mich. .... 1.00  
W. Williams, Detroit, Mich. .... 1.50  
M. Lemson, New York City. .... 1.50  
A. Swanson, St. Charles, Mo. .... 2.00  
F. Bomlitz, St. Louis, Mo. .... 3.00  
J. J. Ernst, St. Louis, Mo. .... 3.00  
C. F. Meier, St. Louis, Mo. .... 1.00  
C. Nushelm, St. Louis, Mo. .... 1.00  
E. Guth, Louisville, Kentucky. .... 1.00  
H. Schmidt, Louisville, Kentucky. .... 1.00  
P. Bohn, Ann Arbor, Mich. .... 3.00  
W. E. Bohn, Ann Arbor, Mich. .... 1.00  
K. Georgevitch, East Pittsburgh, Pa. .... 1.03  
D. McRoe, Winnipeg, Man., Can. .... 2.00  
J. Bixpalie, Chicago, Ill. .... 50  
J. Nagle, Chicago, Ill. .... 25  
W. Riesenbergh, Chicago, Ill. .... 1.00  
P. Picnic Comm., Chicago, Ill. .... 1.00  
F. Kraehenbuehl, Chicago, Ill. .... 25  
A. Chambers, New York City. .... 1.00  
H. Director, New York City. .... 3.00  
Louis Warshaw, New York City. .... 25  
H. Miller, New York City. .... 25  
T. Steinberg, New York City. .... 10  
R. Smith, New York City. .... 50  
B. Ginsberg, New York City. .... 50

Total, \$3,564.46

## GENERAL ORGANIZER'S FUND.

**HEADQUARTERS OF SOCIALIST TRADE AND LABOR ALLIANCE OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 2-4-6 NEW READE STREET, NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1904.**

To All District and Local Alliances, Members at Large and Sympathizers, Greeting:

The following amounts have been contributed to date establishing a fund for placing an S. T. & L. A. organizer in the field as soon as possible.

Members and friends are urged to increase the amount collected.

Address all contributions to John J. Kinneally, General Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

Previously acknowledged ..... \$114.80

L. A. 308, Plymouth, Mass. .... 5.00  
J. E. Brooklyn. .... 25  
L. A. 140, N. Y. (weekly pledges):  
J. Kahle ..... 1.00  
A. Orange ..... 25  
P. Weinert ..... 50  
J. J. Kinneally ..... 35  
J. McLeod ..... 10  
S. J. French ..... 25

Total to date ..... \$122.50

## CONGRESSIONAL.

(Continued from page 1.)

voted for? A. No, sir.

Q. Did he say anything about that? A. Yes; he told me for the Socialist Labor.

Q. Did you see Benni Betti there that day? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And did you see any other Italians around the polls that day? A. Yes, sir; I see them, but I was only there a little while.

Q. Were there many of them there when you saw them? A. Yes; there was around the polls, inside the polls and outside.

Q. Was Mr. Lawler and Mr. Elly talking to them? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see any others taken into the voting place the same way that you was by Mr. Lawler or Mr. Elly? A. No, sir.

Q. Any others that were in there while you were there? A. Yes, sir; there was many of them.

Q. Did you see the men there whose names appear on this list? (List read by interpreter.)

Q. Basilio Berdetti? A. No, sir.

Q. Dominick Bresci? A. No, sir; why, there was too many; I could not remember who they were there.

Q. Peter Galli? A. No, sir.

Q. Peter Spagoni? A. No, sir; I don't know him.

Q. Dominick Spagoni? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Dominick Gatti—Dominick Gotti? A. I don't know this man.

Q. Eugen Coucouette? A. No.

Q. Berdet Coucouette? A. Yes, sir.

Q. John Nari? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Frederick Nari? A. No, sir.

Q. Kachakik Ricci? A. No.

Q. Eusebia Pertucia? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Celeste Partionara? A. No; I don't know him.

Q. Crime Partionara? A. No.

Q. John Dominick? A. I know the first names, but I don't know their last names.

These illustrations should suffice. There are scores of others. They all run out into the same thing. The capitalist political henchman debauches the foreigner wholesale. It is nothing short of murder—murder of the ideal, murder of the spirit. The sense of noble feelings that thought to have found wings when these foreigners made up their minds to come to America and finally landed here, is chilled to death. Aye, worse yet. The admiration these men entertained for America, and that originally proceeded from an aspiration toward purity—that admiration is not killed off, but instead of purity, impurity is thereupon admired. The better part of the man dies.

The witnesses in this as in most of the contested cases are virtually innocents—and the elections are a veritable slaughter of the innocents.

Lower the price of a man's labor power, or cut off his chances to